The Relief Society Magazine

NO. 12 LESSONS FOR MARCH DECEMBER, 1941

MRS SERAPH JACKSON
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THE COVER

"Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men"

NEARLY 2,000 years ago, according to Sacred Writ, there were "shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shown round about them . . . and the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy. . . . For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. . . . And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' "

Peace on earth, good will toward men was the message of Christ as he "went about throughout the cities and the villages, preaching and shewing glad tidings of the Kingdom of God."

Peace on earth, good will toward men, is the message accepted by men and women all over the globe who acclaim their faith in Christ.

Peace on earth, good will toward men is the Christmas message—the message of hope and cheer.

Peace on earth, good will toward men is the most needed and most universally desired blessing this 1941 Christmas season.

May it soon find place in the hearts of men everywhere, not for just a day, but for every day. Then will lives be mellowed, conduct tempered, and humanity become exalted. Then will war cease and harmony exist in human relations. Then will mutual concord and amity prevail. Then will men live in happiness and security, and the God of love and peace will be with them.

The cover for this issue of the **Magazine** was designed and drawn by Evan Jensen.

The Relief Society Magazine

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of the
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

ol. 28 DECEMBER, 1941 No. 12

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To All Church Members

Employment in defense work, service in the army, and attendance at institutions of learning are now taking very many of our young people away from their homes. The spiritual welfare and physical safety and health of all young people are always greatly promoted by their making themselves acquainted with the Bishopric or Branch Presidency of the place in which they are living and by their keeping in close touch with these officers. In too many cases the parents and the Ward Bishoprics appear to fail to advise these young people to associate themselves promptly and actively with the Ward or Branch in the place to which they go or to which they are sent. Too frequently where this has not been done, the young people have had experiences and have fallen into habits which they regret during the remainder of their lives. Young people of the Church should for their own protection, welfare, and happiness, as also for the happiness, relief from great anxiety, and satisfaction of their parents, identify themselves with the local Church organization in the place where they are resident and take part in Church activities.

We therefore earnestly advise all parents to urge their sons and daughters who are so away from home, to get in touch with the Ward officers in the places where they live and to identify themselves with the Church and engage in its activities. We should like the Bishops of the Wards from which these young people go to add their counsel and advice to those of the parents of these young people that when they reach their new homes they get in touch with the local Church officers and engage in Church activities.

In order to help the local Church officers, in the places to which they go, to get in touch with these young people and to bring them into Church activity, it would be most helpful if the parents would write to the Bishops of Wards or the Presidents of Branches to which the young people have removed, giving the names and addresses of their children who are there. Where parents do not know the names of the Bishops or Presidents of Branches to which their children have gone, they can secure them from the Bishop, who will be able to obtain them from the Church Directory. It would be well also for Bishops of Wards from which the young people come to make it a point to write to the new Bishop or President of Branch concerned regarding the same young people, giving such information concerning them as would be helpful to the new Bishop of the Ward or President of the Branch.

Where it is not possible to know the exact Ward or Branch to which the young people have gone, but the Stake is known, then the name and address should be sent to the President of the Stake, who will forward it to the Bishop or Branch President concerned. If the Stake is not known (as it may not be in some of the larger cities), then the name and address of these young people should be sent to the Presiding Bishop's Office in Salt Lake City, which will in turn forward the information to the appropriate officers.

We urge the Bishops of Wards and Presidents of Branches in the Wards and Branches to which young people go to use their utmost endeavors to interest the young people in Church work and to bring them into the activities of the Church.

If the young people are going to places in which there are no Wards, Branches, or Stakes, then the course suggested above should be followed by informing the President of the Mission within which the young people are to reside.

We cannot too strongly urge upon the attention both of parents and Ward and Branch officers the importance of the foregoing instructions.

Heber J. Grant,
J. Reuben Clark, Jr.,
David O. McKay,
The First Presidency.

Let Peace Prevail

O God, this Christmas Eve let peace prevail,
Let love abound for all beneath Thy sky,
Let hearts lift up hosannas to Thy name
And weary souls have strength to live, not die.

Oh, give us hope and faith to seek Thee out.
Teach us how to find Thee. Bring us near.
Let us know the wonder of Thy love,
And may our hearts know naught of hate and fear.

O God, this night we pause to seek afresh
The path Thy Son trod. Guide us then aright,
And may our faith, like lanterns in the dark,
Lead us on to everlasting light.

—Elizabeth Hill.

The
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Christmas Memories

Luacine Savage Clark

CHRISTMAS! What a flood of memories this word recalls. It carries me back to childhood oneer days, to a land of happiness a land where care and sorrow were known and where our every dream me true.

I can never forget the excitement e felt when the long-looked-for liday season began: lessons and hool were forgotten; our days were ent stringing popcorn and bright d cranberries to hang on the tree, d in helping to seed raisins for e plum puddings and cakes. How ten we children would go to the g kitchen with its polished Char- Oak stove just to smell the de- ious odors that filled the air when- er the oven door was opened.

How joyful we all were when the ately Christmas tree with its grace- l, fragrant boughs was finally set in the parlor, all ready to be orned with our homemade ar- les, the glittering ornaments we ught, and, as a final touch, the ndy dogs, cats, and gumdrop slip- rs that we hung so temptingly m the tips of the branches. How e dreaded to be sent to bed, to se sight of all of this splendor. We declared that we could never sleep, but by the time we had hung our stockings on the string stretched across the wall back of the cheerful Lady Franklin stove, and had said our good nights, we were resigned to climb the stairs to give old Santa a chance to do his yearly job.

I can still feel the icy coldness of those bedrooms; no time was lost in undressing to nestle between the woolen sheets.

No one had to be called on Christmas morning. Long before daylight my brothers had peeped over the banister, hoping the fires would be made, and wondering if the guns they had asked for were standing near their stockings. There was an unwritten law in our family that no stocking could be opened until all were dressed, combed, and had washed in our old copper bowl that stood in the warm kitchen; and this morning I am sure there was no need for the usual "make haste" from our patient mother.

When the entire family, including the boy who milked the cow, and the dear German woman who helped with the sewing and housework, had eaten their breakfasts, we were all ushered at last into the parlor, where a cheerful fire greeted us,

the flames of which were reflected in the shiny balls hanging on the gorgeous tree.

The chairs were always arranged in a row around the big room, each one piled high with interesting looking packages, which, if times were good, would overflow onto the floor. The little ones always stood in breathless awe at this bounteous array.

Naturally we were very impatient to begin opening our gifts, but again order had to be maintained. One of us would be sent to the cellar for the clothes basket, to hold all the strings and papers. At last, the fun began! Grandpa, being the oldest, opened his gifts first. It took some time before our turn came, but by ten o'clock each bumpy stocking was empty, each gift opened and duly praised. Of course, our dolls received the most attention because of broken heads or other calamities that had befallen our last year's "family."

By ten o'clock we were ready for the next part of the program. We would all join hands in a circle around the tree and sing to the tune of the "Mulberry Bush":

Here we go round the Christmas tree,
Here we go round the Christmas tree,
Here we go round the Christmas tree,
At ten o'clock in the morning.

This was always followed by:

Merry, merry Christmas everywhere,
Cheerfully it ringeth through the air.
Christmas bells, Christmas trees,
Christmas odors on the breeze.
Merry, merry Christmas everywhere,
Cheerfully it ringeth through the air.

Why should we so gratefully sing with joyous mirth—
See the Son of Righteousness
Beams upon the earth.

At this point three shouts of "hurrah" would go up, to end the ceremony.

Now came the only sorrow to our childish hearts: Father and Mother would come in carrying baskets filled with fruit, cake, and other gifts which we girls were expected to take to the homes of the old people in the ward. It seemed terrible to have to leave our treasured toys and beautiful wax dolls in their gorgeous, ruffled gowns, to carry baskets through the snow. Even though we knew smiles of gratitude would light up those wrinkled, aged faces, this did not in any way compensate for the great sacrifice we thought we were making on Christmas Day.

In our anxiety to return home, we scarcely noticed the happy children coasting down the hills on their bright new sleds, nearly all homemade, nor did we hear the merry jingling of the sleighbells as the horses trotted over the snow pulling sleighs full of happy people on their way to spend the day with relatives or friends. Added to the jingling of the bells, the air was filled with the unusual music of the bagpipes as Brother Dunbar went from house to house to serenade his friends each Christmas morning. I am sure his music carried his Scotch friends back to Bonnie Scotland, and tears filled their eyes as they listened; but to our ears, the tooting of the horns found in our stockings was much more pleasing.

PERHAPS the most exciting event of the day came at two o'clock when we were all seated around the long dining table, and saw the huge

WINTER SURROUNDS THE CHARLES R. SAVAGE HOME

rkey carried in to be carved by my her.

Nothing was forgotten, from the essing to the round, fat plum pud- ng with the delicious sauce. On is day we were allowed to eat to r heart's content. Even the tur- y, who had been stuffing himself the barnyard for this great event, ust have felt satisfied also, for ery part of his anatomy was duly preciated.

At the end of the feast we all lped to clear the tables, so we uld play games or read the coveted oks, usually some of Louisa May cott's, found among our gifts. The ler members of the family usu- y entertained friends who called; rt of our family tradition was that ne of us should leave home, only deliver the baskets, on Christmas ay. This was faithfully kept, for ne of us cared to wander from our comfortable, old adobe home.

I suppose to every child Christmas Day is never long enough. No matter how tired we were we were always saddened when bed time came and Grandpa led the procession "up the wooden hill" as he called the stairs. But before this was done, all made the circle again around the tree and sang once more. This, with our family prayers, crowned the happiest day of the year, and I feel sure that each of us offered a silent prayer that no link in our family chain would be broken before another Christmas.

Thus the years rolled on all too quickly, but even to a child shadows must come. One Christmas night at the close of our song, Grandpa, who so cheerfully had shared in all of our childish joys and sorrows, said, "My dears, this is the last time I shall join in your Christmas song."

Grandpa's words proved all too true. Since that time our circle has narrowed, until today but few are left to cherish the hallowed memories of those happy bygone days.

A new generation has dawned. Inside the same house the stately Christmas tree with its fragrant boughs stands in the same spot as of yore, but the strings of popcorn and the red berries which brought so much joy to us are gone. Gone, too, are the many colored wax candles which used to light up our smiling faces. Gone is the old Franklin stove that gave us warmth and cheer for so many years. As I sit and gaze at the leaping flames in our grate fire, I am carried back to my childhood Christmases long ago. My heart and hands are reaching out to join hands once more in that circle and to sing again those almost forgotten songs arranged by my dear father.

As I watch the tiny sparks fly upward, I realize my childish love and eager desire for gifts have vanished with the sparks. But there remains with me the memory of the walks when I grudgingly took my basket and trudged through the deep snow to those humble cottages where lived those forgotten souls who were the last links in their family circles. I hear again their "God bless you, my dear, for the happiness you have brought to us this day." I feel to say, "God bless those who implanted in my heart this true spirit of Christmas." May our children and our children's children sing again those songs of praise and thanksgiving, taught by the pioneers, for all the blessings we so bounteously receive.

May we have the true spirit of the pioneer Christmas which links us to that one of long ago, to the birthday of Him who gave us our Christmas Day.

THE FIRST SNOW FALL

The snow had begun in the gloaming
And busily all the night
Had been heaping the field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

. . .

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore an ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

—*James Russell Lowell*

The Carols Of Christmastide

George D. Pyper

General Superintendent, Latter-day Saint Sunday Schools

CAROL singing was known long before the Reformation, and many definitions and stories ve been written concerning its actice in ancient days in connec-on with the Norse yuletide sports. wis R. Benson, in *The English ymn, Its Development and Use*, s it was not until the thirteenth ntury that it became popular in gland, one wing cleaving close the Nativity and the other to cular songs and yuletide sports. owever, in our day carol singing understood to have reference to a yous song or ballad sung in cele-ation of the birth of Jesus.

Many Christmas carols have been itten. I have selected nine, which e often sung by the Latter-day ints, for presentation here. They e treated alphabetically and not the order of their dates of origin, eir popularity, or their literary or usical rank.

Away in a Manger"

One of the sweetest songs of the ativity is "Away in a Manger," hich was written by Martin Luther out the year 1530 for his little y Hans, to be sung at a Christmas lebration. If Luther wrote the ne to be sung to his words, it has en forgotten. The one printed the *Deseret Sunday School Songs*, composed by Charles H. Gabriel, a writer of gospel songs, is the one sung around the firesides and in the chapels.

Martin Luther, the father of the Reformation, delved into poetry and music. He knew that the people desired to praise God, not in Latin chants, but in their own tongue. He wrote hymns for the congregation that were easily understood.

Luther was born at Eisleben, Saxony, November 10, 1483; he died February 18, 1546.

"Far, Far Away on Judea's Plains"

The words and music of this popular song were written and composed by John Menzies MacFarlane. He was born October 11, 1833, at Sterling, near the city of Glasgow, Scotland. His father was a duke's coachman, and he drove the coach of the Queen of England whenever she visited Scotland. The family came to America as Latter-day Saint converts in 1851, settling in Cedar City, Utah, where Brother MacFarlane organized a choir. It was so successful that, at the request of President Erastus Snow, he moved to St. George, Utah, and directed the Church choir there.

When the late Bishop Scanlon of the Catholic Church visited Sil-

ver City, a nearby flourishing mining camp in those days, he expressed a desire to hold mass in St. George. Latter-day Saint authorities consented, and Brother MacFarlane trained his Mormon choir for six weeks to sing the Latin Mass. This was given in the St. George Tabernacle, and it was at that time that Brother MacFarlane, seeing the need of Christmas carols, wrote "Far, Far Away on Judea's Plains." Its simplicity and beauty caught the favor of musicians, and the song is now recognized and sung in many Christian churches besides our own.

"Hark, the Herald Angels Sing"

This is said by some writers to be one of the four greatest Christian hymns. *Anglican Hymnology* even gives it first place. It was written by Charles Wesley, the author of 6,500 hymns, acclaimed by some as the greatest hymnist of all ages. He and his brother John came to America early in 1830, and upon their return to England they laid the foundation for Methodism. Charles Wesley composed many hymns while riding along on his little pony. One day the horse fell, and Wesley sprained his ankle. The inspiration, he said, was lost for that day. Charles Wesley died March 29, 1878.

The tune of this carol was composed by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy in 1840.

"It Came Upon a Midnight Clear"

This beautiful hymn-poem was written by Reverend Edmund Hamilton Sears, who was born at Sandisfield, Massachusetts, April 6, 1810. He was a Harvard graduate and a Unitarian. Except for the first two stanzas, his song has been materially changed. He died January 4, 1876. The tune to this carol was composed by Richard Storrs Willis, son of the founder of *Youth's Companion*. Richard Storrs Willis was for many years the editor of the *New York Musical World*.

"Joy to the World"

This hymn, by Isaac Watts, was written in 1719. The tune is an adaptation from Handel's *Messiah*. It was called "Antioch" in our old Latter-day Saint hymn books. It was one of the ninety hymns compiled by Emma Smith in 1835, pursuant to a revelation given to the Prophet Joseph Smith in 1830.

"Oh, Come All Ye Faithful"
(Adeste Fideles)

It is uncertain who wrote this hymn. It is accredited to the nineteenth century period and is of decided Catholic origin. By some it is said to have been written by Bonaventura, a Franciscan friar who afterwards became a cardinal. The modern tune is the one known as "The Portugese Hymn," by J. Reading.

"O Little Town of Bethlehem"

This lovely little carol was written by Phillips Brooks, an Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts. He was born in Boston, December 13, 1835, and died January 23, 1893. He was an eloquent pulpit orator and a man of deep religious life. The story of this carol is very sweet. While visiting the Holy Land, Mr. Brooks walked to the town of Bethlehem. He passed through the fields where the shepherds are said to have seen the star. He says that shepherds were still there, watching over their flocks just as their predecessors had done on that night when the angels came to tell them of Jesus' birth. On the

From Painting by J. Leo Fairbanks.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above the deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.

ay, too, he looked down on the lit-
e town of Bethlehem. Three years
ter when a Christmas song was
eeded for his Sunday School, he
membered that night and wrote
O, Little Town of Bethlehem."
hen it was finished, he asked Louis
. Redner, who was the organist,
e superintendent, and also a teach-
in his Sunday School, to com-
se a tune. Mr. Redner says that
Christmas eve he went to bed
d was awakened by an "angel
ain" ringing in his ears. He arose
ickly, wrote the melody, and next
rning finished the harmony. He
imed it was "a gift from heaven."
It was sung in his Sunday School that Christmas morning.

"Silent Night, Holy Night"

The story of how this, the most loved of all the Christmas carols, came into being high up in the Australian Alps in a little town of Oberndorf is enchanting. It tells of how a young priest, Joseph Mohr, and the village schoolmaster, Franz Gruber, were talking over the need for a good Christmas song. In the church that evening Joseph Mohr was looking at the picture of the shepherds, and in a flash inspiration

came; that night the words of the carol were framed that were to be heard around the world. Mohr went immediately to Franz Gruber and presented the song. Gruber was thrilled and composed the tune as we now have it. The two sang it together as a duet. It was first called "The Tyrolean Song," and was not printed until 1840. Thirty-six years later it was sung in Berlin before Emperor Frederick William IV. From then on it was given first place in Christmas programs. Little is known of the two writers, except that Mohr lived 1793-1848; Gruber, 1787-1863.

"When Christ Was Born in Bethlehem"

The tune of this stately Christmas carol was a prize winner in the Christmas *Deseret News* competition in 1900. It was written by our own Latter-day Saint composer, Ebenezer Beesley. It was printed in *Deseret Sunday School Songs*, No. 221, and is frequently sung at Christmas time. The poem was written by Henry W. Longfellow, America's great poet. On account of the universal love felt for Longfellow, his bust was placed in Westminster Abbey, where we hope it may remain unmolested during these turbulent days.

HIDDEN ROOTS

Dott Sartori

The winter is a time for pondering,
For waiting, for digesting summer fare;
A time for study and for solitude. . . .
I know the unclothed maple standing there
Is thinking, and deep down in hidden roots
Her thoughts are forming fanciful designs
Of greater beauty she shall yet create,
Remembering, surpassing last year's lines.

Oscar A. Kirkham

Leader Of Youth, Inspirer Of Man

Marba C. Josephson
Associate Editor, *Improvement Era*

PRESIDENT OSCAR A. KIRKHAM OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF SEVENTY

ALONG a great hall, five selected delegates of the American Boy Scout delegation marched toward a great flight of stairs. When they reached the top of the first flight, the blare of trumpets sounded. They then marched to another flight, and again the trumpets sounded. Up another flight they went, and this time the blare of trumpets was a signal for the Queen of Holland to acknowledge their presence. In this group of Scout executives was Oscar A. Kirkham of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Yet, never has he boasted of that signal honor. Rather he has lived according to the famous lines of Kipling:

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run—
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it, . . .

And these things are what Oscar A. Kirkham, whose appointment to the First Council of Seventy was announced October 6, 1941, has done during the twenty-eight years of Scout work which has carried him to almost every state in the Union and nearly every nation of Europe.

In world jamborees, five of which he has attended in an official capacity as chief morale officer of the American contingents, he has made friendships with rulers and great men and women of the nations. World-famous doctors have been pleased to call this man friend and to give him tokens of their respect and affection. Many of these tokens have come as a direct result of the living of Latter-day Saint principles by Oscar A. Kirkham.

Lord Baden-Powell, founder and chief executive of Scouting in all the world, was a personal friend of President Kirkham, respecting him for his leadership of boys, a result of example as well as precept. President Kirkham has great power as a story teller. Concrete illustrations, effectively told, serve to drive home his teachings more permanently than would truisms or abstract statements. Often, boys tempted to neglect a duty are caught up by remembering the story President Kirkham tells of the young man who could "sleep in the storm" when the great winds blew, because he had prepared, locking windows and doors that the cattle and horses, the hay and the grain would be safe.

The dynamic presence of Oscar A. Kirkham in any meeting assures that meeting of being out of the ordinary. In fact, that is one of the secrets of the interest that he arouses among those who meet him.

The greatest experiences come to those who do the unexpected. By doing different things, by venturing into unknown fields, President Kirkham feels that he has gained greatly. One occasion which shows this characteristic, as well as a genuine fellowship with mankind, presented itself at the world Jamboree when he took a lad into a nearby city for an emergency appendectomy. The boy's official Scout guardian had not wished to make the trip, but Oscar said, "Here; let me take him." At the hospital he met one of the leading surgeons of Europe. Not only did the surgeon perform the operation, he performed it free of charge. And his heart warmed to Oscar A. Kirkham who would volunteer to take the strange boy in his care to see that the operation should be performed. When the Scouts moved on, James E. West, Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America, appointed a Mormon missionary to check on the boy's condition and report by wire daily. Moreover, Mr. West often appointed Latter-day Saint missionaries to assist in the headquarters at the Jamborees. Nothing could be better evidence of President Kirkham's example as a Latter-day Saint.

Countless examples of this kind could be given to show how he has recognized the value in the unusual, in going off the beaten path for new experience.

THE background of such a man is far too great to try to capture in dull print. He was born January 22, 1880, the fourth child in a family of eight children, to James and Martha Mercer Kirkham of Lehi, Utah. On January 1, 1888, he was baptized. After he completed his elementary and high school work, he graduated from Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, and went to Germany during the years 1900 to 1903 to study music. While he was studying, he also labored with the missionaries and was of such great help to them that, following his return, he was given an honorable release by President Hugh J. Cannon, who was then presiding over the German Mission.

Following his study, he was employed in the Church school system, first in Ricks College of Rexburg, Idaho, and after two years additional study in New York, in the Latter-day Saint University at Salt Lake

ty, where for five years he was
ad of the music department.
That music has formed an im-
rtant part of the leadership of
esident Kirkham is evidenced
rough the truly remarkable reso-
nce of his voice which resulted
m his music study as well as in
e number of songs that he has
itten and which are sung and
ed, particularly throughout the
utual Improvement Associations
the Church. With Tennyson,
cares not who writes the laws of
people so long as he can write
ir songs. Perhaps the most pop-
r of his songs is titled "The
arion Call," music for which was
itten by Alexander Schreiner,
bernacle organist.

Oscar A. Kirkham has filled ad-
rably many positions in the
urch, beginning with his call to
e General Board of the Young
en's Mutual Improvement Asso-
tion in 1913, with the introduc-
n into the Church of the Boy
out program. He was made field
cretary of the Young Men's Mu-
al Improvement Association. In
20, he was set apart as executive
cretary of the same organization,
ving held this position continu-
sly from that time.

Shortly after his entrance into Boy
out activity he was honored by
e Boy Scouts of America by being
pointed Scout Executive of the
lt Lake Council. From that time
the present, he has been advanced
this movement until today his
ficial title is Deputy Regional Ex-
utive, and his responsibilities in-
nde direction of all the western
tes and Hawaii. But the force of his dynamic personality has reached much farther than this western region, for at five consecutive world Jamborees he has been in attendance as chief morale officer. At the last Jamboree, held in Haarlem, Holland, in 1937, President Kirkham was again the American contingent's director of activities, and under his direction the American Scouts presented "The Cavalcade of Scouting" before an estimated one hundred thousand spectators.

Great as are the achievements of Oscar A. Kirkham, none is greater than that he is the father of eight children, all of whom have measured to the high ideals set by their father and by their mother, Ida Murdock Kirkham. The eight children are making their way in new fields—the two eldest daughters, Mrs. Carol Jarvis and Mrs. Grace Burbidge, as homemakers, after graduation from college; Rock, as first assistant Scout executive of the Washington, D. C., Council; Norman in the graduate school at Harvard University; Mark in his studies in architecture in Washington, D. C.; Ned as a private in the U. S. Army at Presidio; and the two youngest daughters, Kathryn and Jane, as students, the former in the Utah State Agricultural College at Logan, Utah, and the latter at East High School of Salt Lake City.

As the opportunities for service extend further, Oscar A. Kirkham will measure and surpass his former achievements. He will add even greater honor to the Church which has so honored him by naming him one of the First Seven Presidents of the Council of Seventy.

Two Significant Days

Anna Boss Hart

Relief Society General Board Member

TONIGHT there are candles on our table and a wreath of holly at each window. The old-fashioned tree is trimmed and lighted. The last gift has been carefully wrapped and placed under the tree. My thoughts turn to the two characters that we, as Latter-day Saints, are honoring this Christmas season. The fire in the fireplace radiates motion and warmth. The burning wood suggests life of the summer now past coming to light again. It isn't strange that my thoughts should go to scenes in Palmyra, New York, at the time of the Eastern States Mission conference and spectacle pageant; to the spot where Joseph Smith radiated such influence and received so much inspiration.

I am thinking of the divine strains of organ music which were heard as we followed the old fence to the gate entering the Sacred Grove. A profusion of trees and shrubs made the spot secluded and hallowed. Each tree that grew appeared to be conscious of the miracle of a morning more than a hundred years ago. Several hundred people gathered quietly and waited in reverent expectancy for the meeting. Presently we heard trumpeters in a distant part of the Grove playing "Oh, How Lovely Was the Morning." Then we all stood, and with more feeling than is usually experienced in song, we joined them. How we worshipped on that day! Our souls appeared to be cleansed. We were in harmony with nature and with God. I am sure that all thoughts were directed toward a divine visitation and our Prophet. At that moment we forgot the great city and the pressing work, headlines and international talk. The vision of divine things of deep peace filled our souls.

Again I think of the experiences of this summer. Tonight, during the peace of this evening, I think of a breath-taking moment on Hill Cumorah. Just before the pageant commenced we were directed to the top of Hill Cumorah and allowed to look at a veritable sea of parked cars, the stages from the actor's side; we felt the peacefulness that comes from excellent preparation and the expectancy of heavenly experiences. Words are inadequate to express the feelings in our souls. Our time was limited—we had just a glimpse of the valley and the sky; just time enough for a prayer of deep appreciation for a sight so impressive, and a wish that the picture would always remain vividly in our memories.

The peace of an inspirational experience merges, and so as I think of these nights of silence, when God was making greatness, I am impressed.

Tonight, I listen to Christmas carols and stories over the radio. My soul is touched, and I, too, want to join in song. Christmas is a time when singing is genuine and when it finds receptive hearts everywhere. It is a time when all participants radiate good will and when peace is

ought to our souls. A similar irit was radiated by the group of issionaries who gathered on the ige after the mammoth spectacle geant had been presented. The ousands of cars had gone. Some oups in the audience had left with-it exchanging comments; others d made a few enthusiastic expres-ons and then had walked slowly ay. Many stood alone in contem-ation of a great religious experi-ce. A few remained to see what monstration might be given by e young people who were slowly thering on one of the stages. hese young people, thrilled with e performance of the evening, thered under the stars, and how ey did sing! Angels singing could ot have thrilled me more.

ON this Christmas Eve many sim-ilar experiences come to me. ow I watch the lights play on the hristmas tree. It isn't strange that think of Jesus, the "Light of the World," and of the "light" that me to our Prophet in the Grove ore than a hundred years ago—a ght that gave radiance to a people darkness.

Tonight thoughts of two signifi-nt days bring me calm and peace. he first Christmas brought Him ho taught men those things which ould lead them into an enlight-ned fellowship. Another birthday little over a century ago brought nother who taught fellowship nong the people of a newly organ-ed Church; a fellowship that car-ed people through persecutions, e journeys across the plains, and e hardships incidental to a settle-ent in the West.

How thankful I am for the lives of these two who have changed for good the lives of humankind. I appreciate more keenly than ever before the personalities that came to us on two significant days. What a span of time between the two; yet, how similar they were in their lives and missions! Palestine of old was the background of the wonder story of the birth of Christ. Palmyra was the background of the story of the birth of the Prophet of these latter days. Both persons were born in humble circumstances—one in a stable; the other in a humble cottage. One had the home atmosphere of a carpenter; the other that of a humble farmer. A world of confusion and contending creeds met each one. Both learned lessons of labor and self-denial early. The preparation of both for their missions was thorough. Both gave to individuals a faith in immortality. Their characters were "godly and their names unstained." Both taught the secret of lasting peace. Both had a faith that penetrated their souls, and prayer marked their progress in life. Both had a knowledge of truth in their souls. Both towered in their labors. We think of the Prophet Joseph Smith in the deep-breathing stillness of the woods. We think of Jesus by the still waters and in the undisturbed garden. While both the coming of Jesus to live on earth and the coming of the Prophet Joseph took place under very humble circumstances, the time of their coming appeared to be right for the establishment of heavenly truth.

Tonight as I think of the Sacred Grove, it is stimulating to imagine the pillar of celestial light which appeared above Joseph Smith, and to

think of the feeling of sublimity that filled his soul. It is impressive to recall that he emerged from the uncertainty that was in his mind having received positive knowledge on the matter so near to him.

The Savior and the Prophet both had eyes which appeared to read the hearts of men and women. Both recognized the faith that exists in men and women and their power and ability to serve the world. Both felt the peace that comes from communion with nature. Both felt the presence of God during peaceful hours. Then, later, both were accused of blasphemy. Jesus declared himself to be the Son of God. Joseph Smith claimed to be a prophet of God. By their own deaths, both "summed up and drove home to the hearts of men the message they had proclaimed in words." The death of the Prophet Joseph Smith was a significant martyrdom, following that of Jesus upon Calvary for the redemption of all mankind.

SO it is no wonder that we, as Latter-day Saints, are at peace in our souls this Christmas season. The great foundation stones of life and salvation are with us—those principles for which our Church stands and which make it unique.

A glance at the gifts under the tree brings to me a throb of expectancy. I think of the priceless gifts that are mine—not the gifts under the tree, but the spiritual gifts that are mine forever. These lasting gifts are mine because of what happened in a Sacred Grove more than a hundred years ago. These gifts are mine because of God's greatest gift—His Son—to the world.

As I am aware of the significant objects that stand for that birthday so long ago—the Star of Bethlehem, the announcing bells, and the blazing fire keeping alive the sacred home and family traditions—I also am reminded again of the birthday of our Prophet.

Just now I feel a deep pride in my heritage. I feel the stream of accomplishments since the passing of two significant days. I know that the world has changed since the Star shone over Bethlehem and the angels sang "Hosannah." The world has changed since the trees gave to our latter-day Prophet a feeling of security and the birds made music that almost bridged heaven and earth as he sought wisdom from the Father.

I know that we are aware of the trampling underfoot of the principles that enlightened men cherish and know to be true and fundamental. Yet, in the remembrance of two days, peace and security and deeper faith come to my heart.

And now as I look at the candles on the table and the wreath of holly at each window, the fireplace and beautifully decorated Christmas tree, significant of the birthday of our Savior, I again recall the eventful experience of Hill Cumorah. My heart is full, and I feel that life is good this Christmas season.

A Half Hour of Christmas

Mabel Harmer

IN the brief intervals when Jimmy opened the elevator door for the loading and unloading of passengers, he could glance out of the front ntrance and see great, white flakes snow falling. The people comg in brought a smell of crisp, cold r with them, and sometimes they ad a bit of holly on their coats. The nes he knew said, "Merry Christhas," and four of them had given im small gifts of money. Altogeth-r, it was a swell time of the year, nd Jimmy was quite happy when he asn't thinking of how badly they eeded coal or wondering where he ould get a pair of shoes for Nina.

That was the worst of winter. You ouldn't turn the kids loose unless ey had a whole flock of mufflers nd socks and shoes on them, and it as awfully hard to get any that fit that weren't already full of holes. f course, if you could walk into a ore and buy just what you wanted, at would be different. But when u had to depend upon what people ould give you—that was something se again.

On the whole, though, they had anaged pretty well since he got is job at the apartment house. ighteen dollars a week paid the nt and bought what food and fuel ey absolutely had to have. They ere a lot better off than they had en at any time since Mom died nd Jeff had walked out on them. ueer fellow, Jeff. He was the kids' ther, too, but he just hadn't been le to take it. Jimmy squared his oulders. Well, he could, even if he as just their half-brother.

He opened the door again on the main floor, and this time his only passenger was Mr. Hampton. "Merry Christmas, Jimmy," he said in such a big voice that Jimmy was sure he really meant it.

"Merry Christmas to you, sir," Jimmy replied heartily. He liked Mr. Hampton about the best of any man who rode on the elevator. He was so tall and so handsome and so cheery-like all the time. He was not like those folks who get on the elevator and grunt out the floor they want and then act like they'd spoken to the ceiling instead of a human being. Even when Mr. Hampton rode with Miss Everett he acted like he knew Jimmy was in the elevator; and he nearly always took time to say goodby, although anybody with a lick of sense could tell that he was head-over-heels in love with her and could hardly be expected to have eyes for anyone else when she was around.

"That's a wow of a snowstorm we're having," Mr. Hampton said as they stopped at the fifth floor. "I guess Santa Claus can come in his sleigh this year."

"I guess he can, all right," Jimmy answered with a chuckle. He was still smiling when old Mrs. Snyder came in, and since she never smiled at anyone and hardly anyone ever smiled at her, she stared back at Jimmy in amazement. However, she looked as if she were half inclined to let some sort of a frosty little smile escape from her thin lips.

Half an hour later, the signal flashed from the fifth floor. Jimmy went up; but when he opened the door,

Mr. Hampton, instead of getting on, said, "Miss Everett wants to see you for a minute. I'll tend this thing if nobody asks to see my driver's license."

Jimmy hurried down the hall, his heart thumping in a very strange manner. It was sure exciting to have Mr. Hampton change places with him just like they were equals, and to have Miss Everett talk to him. He supposed that everyone in the world who had ever seen her or heard her sing must be in love with her—in some sort of respectful, far-off way, of course. He bet that even Mr. Hampton was too scared to tell her he was in love with her.

He swallowed twice before he dared to knock at her door; and then, as she called to him to come in, he stepped inside very apologetically. It was the first time he had ever been inside the apartment and its beauty dazzled him just as much as Marcia Everett herself did. The walls and furniture were ivory, while the draperies and carpet were a deep, rich blue. Its elegance would have been almost frightening if it hadn't been for the Christmas tree that stood in one corner and the greenery that was over the mantel and around the light fixtures. Somehow, they made it look as if real people lived there instead of a fairy princess or something of the sort.

Miss Everett was standing by the mantel putting on her gloves. She was dressed in long, gold-colored gown and a soft, brown fur wrap. Her hair looked more shining and her eyes more blue than Jimmy had ever seen them before. It was not surprising that he could only stare at her and mumble, "Did you want me for something?"

"Yes, Jimmy," she answered. "I'd like you to come in here and light the wood in the fireplace so that it will be burning brightly when we return about eleven. Here is the key. Will that be too much trouble?"

Too much trouble! If she had asked him to go out and chop down the trees in order to make the fire, it still would not have been too much trouble. Aloud he said simply, "I'll be glad to do it, Miss Everett." He took the key and hurried back to the elevator. A few minutes later, she and Mr. Hampton went out to join the gay Christmas throngs.

JIMMY was off duty at eight o'clock. He changed quickly from his smart uniform to his own shabby clothes and hurried out onto the street. Soon all the stores would be closed, and he still had all his Christmas shopping to do. Three dollars and seventy-five cents! It was hard to know just what to buy when the children needed so many things. One toy for each one with some candy and nuts would have to do, so that he could use the rest for food. If only there was enough to buy shoes for Nina, too, but there wasn't. Well, maybe they would turn up some way. Once in a while things did.

He spent a whole dollar on the toys and ended up with a three-bladed pocketknife for Ted, a gay red truck for Paul, and a small doll for Nina. He then turned to the less exciting task of buying groceries, and finished with an almost unheard-of bit of extravagance by paying ten cents for a red bell to hang in the window.

On reaching home he found the children huddled around the kitchen

ove, waiting either for Jimmy or anta Claus, they weren't just sure hich.

"Gee whiz!" cried Ted, when he w the unusually large number of ackages Jimmy was carrying. "Is all hat for us?"

"You bet your life," Jimmy as-ured him proudly, depositing his undles on the table, "but you're not oing to see any of it tonight because ome of it is a surprise. Have you ad something to eat?'

"We sure have," Ted answered. Mrs. Wilson brought us in some tew with carrots and onions and verything in it. There's some left or you, too."

"That was pretty swell of her, asn't it," said Jimmy, scooping up plateful of the savory stew. "Folks re sure good at Christmas time. he's got all she can do getting food or her own family, too."

Six-year-old Paul, who had said al-ost nothing since Jimmy's return, ut who had been eyeing the pack-ges intently, now suddenly asked, Which one is the Christmas tree?"

"There isn't a tree, Buddy," said immy in a cheerful tone of voice, esigned to make Paul think that here was nothing to regret in not aving a Christmas tree, "but I got pretty red bell to hang in the win-ow. That's almost as good as a ree, you know. And I saw Santa Claus down town, and he said that e was going to bring you a dandy resent and some candy and nuts."

Paul was not to be sidetracked rom his original idea, however. "You aid that there would be a tree," he nsisted, looking at Jimmy with big, lue, accusing eyes.

"I said that *maybe* we could get a tree. But trees cost an awful lot of money, and there was just enough to buy something to eat and get the stove fixed." If it hadn't been for the stove, thought Jimmy, perhaps they could have had just a little tree. Things like broken stoves were always popping up to take the last dime a fellow could scare up.

"I want a Christmas tree," Nina began to wail, feeling quite stricken about it now that Paul had suggested the idea.

"But I just can't get you one," Jimmy insisted. Kids were so darned unreasonable. They seemed to think that money was found in gutters. "Anyway, it's time for you to go to bed now, and when you wake up in the morning everything will be swell."

"There's a big tree down in Casey's window," Ted suggested. "Maybe we could go down there and look at that one for awhile."

"It's too cold," said Jimmy briefly, "and too late. Come on now and go to bed. I've got to go back to the apartment house and do a little job."

The apartment house! A vision of the gorgeous tree in Miss Everett's living room flashed through Jimmy's mind. If the kids could just see that tree for a few minutes. The one in Casey's window couldn't hold a candle to it. Gee! If they could just see that tree!

"I don't want to go to bed," said Paul stubbornly. "I want to see a Christmas tree. You promised."

"I didn't promise," snapped Jimmy, goaded out of his usual cheerfulness by Paul's unreasonable insistence.

Great tears gathered in Paul's eyes

and rolled down his cheeks. Nina promptly followed suit, and even Ted's face looked frightfully woebegone. Jimmy's glance traveled around the squalid room and back to Paul's tearful face. Poor kids, they had so little! What if he took them back there just long enough to see that tree? They wouldn't have to touch a thing. They could just sit on the floor while he lit the fire, and they could pretend that it all belonged to them. Miss Everett had said that she wouldn't be back until eleven. There would just be time enough to go if they started right now.

"All right," he said aloud. "Get on your things, and I'll take you out to see a tree. But you've got to act better than you ever did in all your lives before, because it's the most special tree in the whole world."

The two little boys hardly waited to catch all the seriousness of Jimmy's talk before they began to pull on their ragged jackets and caps. Jimmy wrapped up Nina with considerable misgivings. Her clothes were thin; she had a cold, and she was plenty sleepy enough for bed. But it wouldn't do to leave her alone, and, anyway, she was just as worked up about a tree as the boys were.

IT was after nine when they left their flat and started for the Colonial Apartments. The children were so excited with the bright lights and gay Christmas decorations that they were quite unmindful of the discomforts of the long, cold walk.

They greeted the warmth and elegance of the lobby with wide-opened eyes. It was the first time that Jimmy had ever permitted any of them to come within the sacred precincts of the Colonial. He allowed them no time, however, to gaze around, but hustled them up the stairway with its rich, velvet carpeting. The elevator was not for their use tonight.

"Why do they have the Christmas tree so high up?" Paul asked between puffs, when they reached the third floor. "My legs are getting wobbly."

"Because the higher up they get, the better they are," Jimmy whispered back. "Don't say anything else now until I tell you that you can. Come on, Nina, I'll carry you the rest of the way."

On the fifth floor, he led them cautiously to the door of Miss Everett's apartment. The halls were empty and silent, but Jimmy's heart was doing a flying trapeze act while he fitted the key in the door. The lock turned easily, and he drew them quickly into the living room.

They stood just inside the door trying to absorb the magnificence around them. The tree had been left lighted, and it shone and sparkled in such a glory as none of them had ever imagined possible. "Is . . . is it Heaven?" Paul ventured to ask, at length.

"No,' said Jimmy, with a short laugh. "It's just . . . well, it's just a special kind of Christmas tree, and you can stay here and look at it for half an hour if you'll be real quiet and not touch anything. Look! I'm going to light the fire, too. I'll bet you haven't ever seen anything like that before, have you?"

He touched a match to the paper beneath the pine logs, and they gazed in fascination as the flames

rept up and threw out their cheer-
il, ruddy glow.

"Now I'll tell you what you can
o," he continued. "You can come
ver here and sit on the floor just a
ttle way back from the fire, and
nen you can get warm and watch
ie fire and the tree at the same
me. No, not on that!" he cried
s Ted ran a speculative finger over
ie satiny cover of the couch. "You
ust just sit on the floor."

"Who made the tree like that?"
aul asked, after he had studied its
ining balls and rows of glistening
nsel from top to bottom.

"A beautiful lady," Jimmy answer-
d. "I guess she's the most beau-
ful lady in the whole world."

"I want to see her," Nina an-
ounced happily.

"Oh, no. You couldn't do that.
he isn't coming back for a long
me, and pretty soon you have to
o home and go to bed." He wished
hat she were there already. Her feet
ere soaking wet, and her cough had
bad sound to it.

"Let's not go back," suggested
ed. "I'll bet that Santa Claus will
ave a lot better things here than
e will at our place. He always does
r the rich folks."

"But we have to go back," said
mmy firmly. "We can only stay
ere just a little while."

"Why?" Ted persisted.

"Well, because . . . ." He did
ope that the kids weren't going
be hard to deal with.

The hands on the tiny ivory clock
n the mantel were racing steadily
n toward ten thirty, the time that
mmy had decided upon as the last
ossible moment for them to remain,
ven though Miss Everett had said
she was not returning before eleven. It was going to be a wrench to leave all this warmth and comfort and beauty, to go out in the snow again, but it had to be done. Anyway, he had made good. They had seen the tree, even if it had been for only half an hour.

"Come on, kids," he said, at length. "Put on your things and let's get going." He stood up and put another log on the fire. It must be burning brightly when Miss Everett returned. Ted stood up, too, although with visible reluctance, but the other two sat still, staring at the gorgeous tree. Jimmy could see that it was going to take real effort to get them started.

He lifted Nina to her feet and was just starting to put on her shabby coat when a silvery laugh was heard outside, the door knob turned, and Miss Everett stood in the doorway with Mr. Hampton just behind.

JIMMY stood still with Nina's coat in his hand, frozen into complete silence. The two little boys were still also, sensing that something had gone wrong somewhere; but Nina, after staring at Miss Everett for a minute, said, "Is that the beautiful lady, Jimmy?"

Jimmy was too stricken to answer, but he clung to Nina's hand as if for some means of support. The two people walked into the room and closed the door behind them.

Suddenly a new dread took possession of Jimmy's mind. Terrible as it was that Miss Everett should find them trespassing in her room, it was still more dreadful that she should be angry and destroy the happiness of the beautiful half hour with the Christmas tree.

"I'm sorry," he finally managed to say, with intense pleading in his voice and eyes. "The kids wanted to see a tree, and we didn't have one at home, and yours was so beautiful that I thought maybe it wouldn't hurt if they just came and looked at it. They haven't touched anything."

Miss Everett's eyes traveled from one to another of the shabby little group. Then an amazing thing happened. The look of astonishment on her face gave way to one of tenderness, and she said in a tone of voice quite different from any Jimmy had heard her use before, "It's quite all right, but you had better hurry on home now. It's very late for little folk to be out."

Jimmy stood by helplessly, too much dazed to be of any use. Miss Everett took Nina's coat from his hands and slipped it on the little girl. As she did so, the child coughed in that deep way that had been getting worse all evening. Miss Everett put a hand to the child's cheek. "This child is ill," she said to Jimmy. "She ought to be in bed. And those shoes are wringing-wet. Where are her overshoes?"

"She hasn't any," Jimmy blurted. "And I know that I shouldn't have brought them out, but they coaxed so hard that I couldn't refuse. We'll hurry back now, and I'll get them right to bed."

"She can't go back through the snow in that condition," said Miss Everett, shortly. "I'll have to put her to bed here."

"Here!" gasped Jimmy. "You mean . . . here?"

"Certainly I mean here. We can't let her go out and finish taking her death of cold, can we?" She dropped the long, fur coat from her shoulders and handed it to Mr. Hampton. "Here, Wayne," she said, "lay this coat down somewhere and go turn the tub full of water. I'll give her a hot bath."

Mr. Hampton took the coat and put it on a chair and went about obeying orders almost without a word, but Jimmy could see that he was just as much floored as he was himself.

Miss Everett went out into her kitchen for a minute and came back saying, "I haven't a bit of mustard. Jimmy, you run down to the drugstore and get a can of mustard and some VapoRub and a bottle of cough syrup. I believe I have aspirin."

He took the five-dollar bill she held toward him in stunned silence. This couldn't possibly be the beautiful Marcia Everett, the famous singer, talking about mustard plasters and cough syrup for a kid that she had never seen before!

When he returned, Miss Everett had Nina in her own bed wrapped up in some kind of a pink silk thing, and she was tucking soft, down covers about the thin little body. She had changed from the gold-colored evening gown to a soft, rose, homey kind of dress. She looked less like an opera singer now and more like a person you could sort of talk to without being quite so scared. Mr. Hampton was out in the kitchen heating something on the range. He didn't look dazed any longer; he looked very happy, as if he had just discovered something very wonderful.

Jimmy took the things he had bought out into the kitchen and

nen went back into the living room nd stood undecided whether or not e should go home without being efinitely dismissed. Paul and Ted, eing entirely ignored in the last ectic few minutes, had gone back o enjoying the Christmas tree and ne fireplace.

Presently Miss Everett went out nto the kitchen. "Will you bring ne the hot water for this plaster, Wayne?" she asked.

He hesitated. "You know," he lid, "we could get a nurse in to o all this stuff."

"But why?" she asked. "Don't I em to be doing all right?"

"You're doing marvelously well. h fact, I don't understand it at all. didn't suppose you knew that kids kisted—especially kids with croup."

Marcia Everett laughed—a queer sort of laugh. "Well, let me tell you a few other things you may not know, Wayne Hampton. I was brought up on the wrong side of the tracks, and my name, before I became an opera singer, was Mary Eklund. I was the oldest of eight children, and I helped them through everything from measles to the itch. Now do you think I can take care of a case of croup?"

"I think . . . . Come here, and I'll tell you what I think."

There was a long pause, and finally Miss Everett's voice came back sort of muffled-like. Jimmy motioned to the two little boys, and they crept out of the door. He guessed that they wouldn't be missed if they went home now.

A MORNING PRAYER

Rachel Barney Taft

With gratitude my heart is filled
For all the bounties Thou hast willed,
For beauties of the earth and sky
And all the joy that in them lie.
Help me to smile in sun or rain,
My soul to sing a sweet refrain
From when I see the morning light
Until my eyes are closed at night.
Renew my faith in truth each day,
Inspire my work and guide my play,
My thoughts, my hopes, and all my talk,
My mind to seek all good—to walk
In paths of peace, of Thee a part.
Oh, give me most of all a heart
To know forgiveness known by Him
Who dying asked "grace for their sin."

A Gift For Him

Lella Marler Hoggan

LONG ago the Magi followed a starlit path across the world to the manger cradle of the Christ child. They came that they might kneel in reverence before Him and acknowledge Him their king. They brought for Him rare gifts.

Since that day long ago the beautiful custom of giving gifts on His birthday has continued. This one day of all the year is set apart in our hearts as a day on which to give and forgive, that we may be at peace with Him.

Life is a pilgrimage, a long search for happiness. As we follow dim trails down the years we gather treasures along the way, gifts that we hope will bring us eternal joy. But do we always choose wisely and well?

Here are bright coins to add to our material gain, and here are symbols to increase our worldly power. Here is a charm that will give us social prestige, and here a secret that will magnify our efficiency. As we look over our acquired possessions we feel very self-confident. Out of the years we feel that we have gathered a goodly store.

But at the season of gift giving we are conscious of the nearness of an unseen presence that sets our hearts singing. We stand in awed silence in contemplation of the life of Him whose birth we celebrate. Were He a Christmas guest in our home, would we be prepared to receive Him? Would we have a token of affection for Him whose natal day we commemorate? Would we have an appropriate gift for the Giver of all good gifts? Or would we spread our treasures before us that we might see them more plainly, and failing to find in our prized collection anything that would be suitable, would our store of treasures seem suddenly to lose its value?

A gift for the King of Kings, the Prince of Peace! Where in all the world could one find a gift worthy of Him? What could come out of humble lives that would be great enough to offer Him?

Let us remember that the greatest gifts are not something that can be held in our two hands, something that can be obtained suddenly. Great gifts grow with the years out of the fulness of the heart: love of fellow man, devotion to a great cause, high service, unselfish sacrifice for truth, gracious loving ways, kindly deeds.

Then, too, let us remember the divine way of gift giving. Let us remember that the Master's gift of life eternal is held in trust for all of the children of men. We accept it little by little, day by day, as we learn to walk in the path that He has marked out, as we come to follow the light that He holds high for our guidance. We can do this more readily if we read His words often and cherish the promises He has given us. Every service we perform in preparing to receive His gift brings its immediate reward in increased joy and spiritual growth.

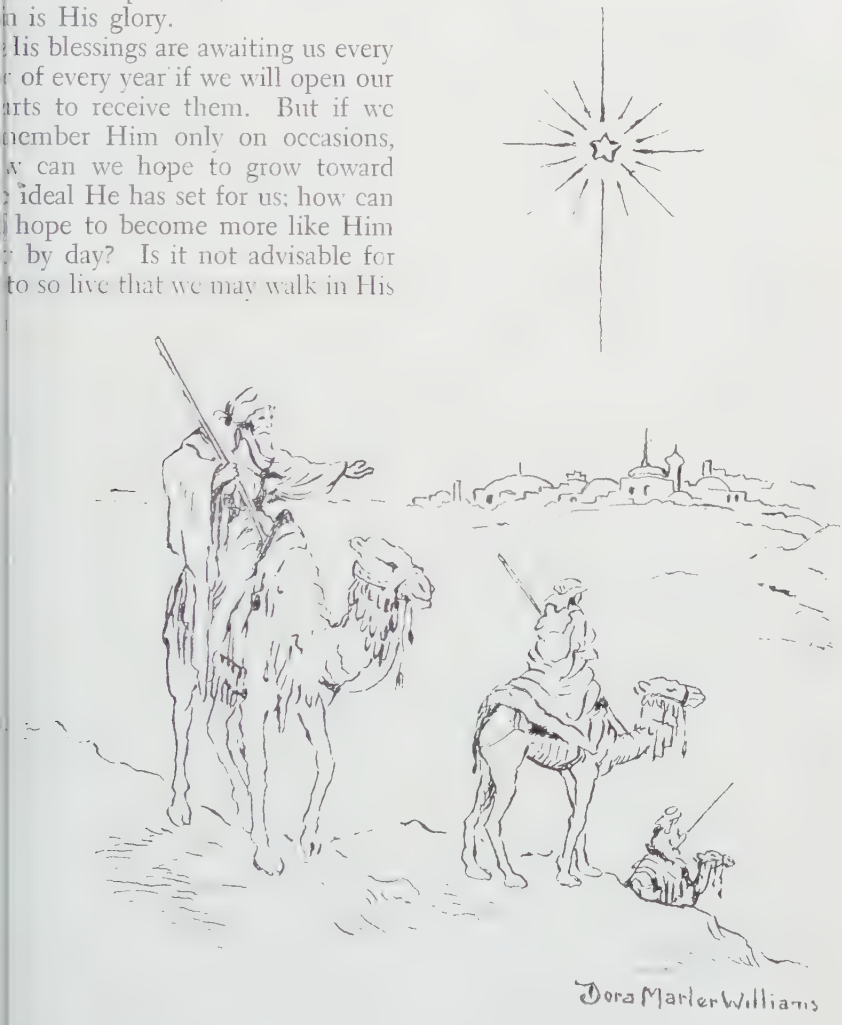
As we prepare by wholesome living to receive God's gift of eternal

, our very preparation is provid- our gift for Him. For surely gift to the Master is our life, h all of its joy and gladness, its cess and achievement, its virtue l wholesome sweetness.

As our lives are made richer and re abundant through obedience to s laws, our gift to the Master be- mes more precious, for our salva- n is His glory.

His blessings are awaiting us every of every year if we will open our rts to receive them. But if we member Him only on occasions, w can we hope to grow toward ideal He has set for us; how can hope to become more like Him by day? Is it not advisable for to so live that we may walk in His holy unseen presence, not only on Christmas Day, but on every day? Is it not wise to so live that we may invite Him to become an ever-present guest under our humble roof?

Let us try to make our high moments of devotion more permanent and enduring.



As Little Children

Olive W. Burt

SALLY forgot breakfast, forgot Hugh sitting across from her, forgot everything but the snow, falling in soft, thick flakes. It was perfect Christmas weather. Tears glistened on her lashes.

Hugh saw the tears and patted her hand comfortingly. Then he rescued the smouldering toast, buttered it thoughtfully, and began carefully:

"I've been thinking, Sally. Why can't we . . . " he stumbled over the words, then went on desperately, "why can't we borrow a kid for Christmas? Or two? It's a shame to waste all our work—all our plans."

Sally's tears dropped slowly.

"They are already wasted, Hugh," she said bitterly.

Hugh nodded.

"I know how you feel, sweetheart," he said, "but think it over. It's the only way that I can figure out for us to get past Christmas with even a little happiness. And there must be kids, plenty of them, at the orphans' home, or someplace."

He got up from the table, kissed Sally good-by, grabbed his hat and dashed for the bus. Sally didn't bother to go to the door with him. She was too unhappy.

She was thinking of the June day when they had moved into this adorable little house, filled with plans and hopes. They had decorated the nursery in anticipation of an expected occupant. They had planted two tall evergreens by the door on purpose to trim this Christmas so that baby eyes would glow with wonder. They had even—Sally thought her heart would break—purchased toys from time to time—dolls and cuddly bears with her extra money; funny mechanical toys, boxing gloves so tiny that they made you laugh, and even an elaborate train were Hugh's contributions. Yes, their time and work had been wasted, for there had come a day when Sally had gone to the hospital, and when she returned there was no downy bundle in her arms—only an aching void in her heart.

She laid her head on her arms and cried softly for a few minutes. Then she raised her bright head defiantly.

Hugh was right. There was only one way to get past this holiday, and that was to face it, gaily and confidently, with little children around them.

She walked slowly to the telephone in the hall, looked up a number, dialed, and waited.

When a voice answered, Sally began eagerly, almost breathlessly, explaining what she wanted. But a few moments later she hung up the receiver, a slightly baffled look on her face. There were no children in the city orphanage—not one—left for Christmas.

Hastily she found another number and repeated her request, to receive the same answer. She tried again and again.

At last she sat back completely at a loss as to what to do. No children anywhere that she could help! She was suddenly afraid. How

uld she tell Hugh this? How uld she disappoint him again?
Then she remembered Grandma en, her stand-by ever since she d moved into the new little house. andma Allen knew everything l everybody. She had been mid-fe and nurse. She called upon poor everywhere. She would ow of some child, perhaps some ldren.
Throwing a coat over her shoul-s, she ran through the soft snow, ss-lots, to Grandma Allen's. hen she came back home an hour er, the sun was shining on the w, but the new flakes did not sten a whit more brightly than ly's eyes.
This time she dialed with assur-e, repeated her request while her s quivered between pathos and rriment, and hung up the receiver ured that she would have her ristmas guests.
"But could you take more than o, Mrs. Barnard?" the voice had aded over the phone. "We have eral here who will be so lonesome ristmas day. It would be a really nerous act to take as many as you h."
So Sally had ended by promising provide Christmas cheer for seven. e didn't know what Hugh would nk of that. After all . . . .
And Hugh was amazed.
"Darling!" he expostulated aghast. even! They'll wreck the place! d we haven't toys enough . . . ."
"I got a list of the things they nt most. . . . We can get these d add them to what we already ve. Oh, Hugh! It means shop-ng and excitement and trimming e tree. And we must have pop-rn to pop over the fire. . . . "

Hugh was so glad to see Sally interested and happy again that he shrugged his misgivings aside. If Sally wanted seven youngsters for Christmas, he thought grimly, he'd stand by.

IT was fun shopping. Sally and Hugh pushed through the Christmas crowds with their crumpled list. Poor kids, Hugh thought, they didn't ask for expensive things — tiddlywinks, a spool knitting set, a good pocketknife, a box of bright silk pieces, games, Chinese checkers, candy. Hugh, on his own, added grotesque mechanical clowns, bright beads, odds and ends that he thought the children would love.

The plans called for a full day. The guests would be delivered at the Barnard's door at 9 a. m. on Christmas day. There would be the tree first of all, then breakfast, games and a sleigh ride; dinner, corn popping and more games would follow, and the party would end at seven or eight o'clock that evening.

Both Sally and Hugh worked desperately all the day before Christmas. They trimmed the tree in the living room and set the toys around it. Each gift was labeled with a name—Mary, Jim, Bob, Annie—simple enough little designations to distinguish these poor Christmas waifs.

Hugh marveled at Sally's gaiety. His simple little plan was succeeding better than he had dared to hope. She seemed sparkling with inner merriment and laughter. Even on Christmas morning, when Hugh's anticipation was tinged with a slight dread at the thought of seven untamed youngsters, Sally kept running to the window, eager, watching.

Then the cars were out in front, and Hugh and Sally ran out to help them unload. Hugh stood absolutely still, his mouth dropping open as he saw his guests. Tiny, frail old women, wrinkled old men. . . . Sally shouted, "Come on, Hugh, let's help them in!"

There was no time to ask questions. The old people were hurried into the house.

They took off their wraps in a flurry of excitement, dim eyes darting here and there, looking, Hugh suspected, for the tree. Sally flung back the living room door, and Jim and Mary, Bob and Annie and the rest were on their knees, scrambling for their gifts, exclaiming with delight.

Hugh, watching them, said, "I don't get it, Sally."

Sally smiled up at him. "There weren't any lonely children, honey," she whispered, "but Grandma Allen said there were always lots of lonely old folks. She reminded me that the Savior had said, 'Except ye become as little children'—and these are nearly ready for the kingdom of heaven, Hugh, so . . . . "

"I do get it, sweetheart," Hugh whispered, his lips against her hair. Then he let her go suddenly.

"Hey, Bob, let me help you with that train!"

Sally smiled as Hugh got down on his knees with Bob and Jim and Tom, oblivious of all the rest, a quartet of boys with an electric train.

A SHAWL FOR BABY

Caroline Eyring Miner

A handmade shawl of fluffy wool—no more
You think—pale pink and white; the design
Of stitches, little shells piled by the score
Overlapping each other in even line.
Around its edge a long and filmy fringe,
Illusive as the uncertain clouds of dawn;
A shimmering mist of silver with tinge
Of pink—here now, another moment gone.
Hour after hour of precious time I spent
Making the shawl—voices of friends I hear;
Faces and memories that came and went
While I worked, appear and disappear.
This covering of shells and mist and cloud
And memories and dreams will warm my child.

Fashions Of Yesterday

ASHIONS in dress have chal- lenged the interest of women of eras. Just as women of today intrigued by the pages of *Vogue* d *Mademoiselle*, so the women of andmother's day were held by the autiful tinted plates in *Godey's dy's Book*. What is worn today, at may be worn tomorrow, what s worn yesterday, have ever been portant to women. Dame Fashion ruler to whom women have paid urt for generations, and whose dic- es have been followed whether y have enhanced charm or actu- y destroyed natural beauty and en a burden. At her command r votaries have melted under fur as in the hot days of summer, and ozen with bare necks, thin dresses, d gossamer hose in January. Then, ch has been her caprice that no oner has a fashion become general, an, irrespective of its merits or auties, it has been changed for e which perhaps had nothing to commend it but its novelty.

The fashion of an era, however, is a measure an index to the spirit d character of that era, just as the rticular dress worn reveals, more less, the personality of the wear-

That the fashions of the past one ndred years will figure prominent- in Relief Society centennial pro- ams there is no doubt. The full irts worn in 1842 over petticoats crinoline with bodices made with unded points and elaborately trimmed with sautache braid, will vie for favor with panniers and bus- tles of 1876-86, with balloon sleeves and bell skirts of 1896-1906, and with the ultra-smart modern-day dress. Dainty curls and dignified braids will, in all probability, com- pete for popularity with the care- fully-waved hair of the lady of today.

While the long and dusty trek across the plains, and the burning sun and isolation of the desert de- creed for a time that our pioneer women should wear sunbonnets and calico dresses, we must not forget that the wardrobe of our early-day women included many a fashion- able silk dress which, brought across the plains, was carefully cared for and on special occasions brought out to adorn milady.

While Mormon women have al- ways sensed the importance of being attractively and appropriately dressed, yet they have always stood for modesty and economy in dress; in bygone days when fashions be- came extreme and extravagant, they stood firmly for retrenchment. To see the costumes of the past in re- view at our centennial programs will be a high point of interest.

In order to acquaint Relief So- ciety women with some of the styles worn in the past, the *Magazine* is publishing the illustrations on the following pages.

Early-day fashion notes will also appear in next month's issue of the *Magazine*.

WOMEN'S FASHIONS—1830 TO 1860

WOMEN'S FASHIONS—1850 TO 1880

HAPPENINGS

Annie Wells Cannon

Beyond price is love and kindness; the cost is nothing and the law of the Lord is fulfilled.

AGAIN we approach the end of the year and look forward to the cheer and gladness of the usual festivities. Though shadowed by the catastrophe of a war-torn world, we in America have the greatest opportunity ever given a nation to bestow happiness. In reality, Christmas time belongs to children. Let's all be children, forget the tragedies just for a day and believe in Santa Claus.

MADAM LIN YUTANG, noted author and now a prominent member of the international set in New York, is lecturing in America on, "Women in the New China." Besides being the wife of a writer, Madam Lin is also the mother of three authors, Adet, Anor, and Mei Mei Lin.

ELOISE DAVISON, editor of Home Institute for the *New York Herald Tribune*, has been "lent" to the Government to be assistant director to Mayor La Guardia in the office of Civilian Defense.

PRINCESS JULIANA of the Netherlands and her daughters Beatrice and Irene are rather frequent guests of the Roosevelts at Hyde Park, New York.

ELEANOR FORDHAM, Utah aviatrix, only non-college girl to receive a flight scholarship in Utah under civilian pilot training, has been awarded her pilot's license. She is planning a women's auxiliary flying unit in Utah to replace men pilots for war service.

HANNAH M. ALDRICH, of Mt. Pleasant, 101 years old, Harriet L. Leavitt, 97, and Ann C. Milne, 93, of Salt Lake, all pioneer mothers, were recently feted on their birthdays. Each one retains wonderful vitality and optimism. Never too old to learn, Mrs. L. E. Coombs is beginning to typewrite at 91.

MRS. ALAN H. Means of Salt Lake City was elected national president of the Girl Scouts of America at the convention held this fall at Dallas, Texas. This is a signal honor to Utah as well as a deserved and eloquent tribute to the ability and personality of Mrs. Means. There were 979 delegates present, representing a membership of over 600,000 girls. Mrs. Means succeeds Mrs. Herbert Hoover in this high office.

MARTHA E. MOSES, 96 years old, a pioneer school teacher, died recently. For the past 80 years she had resided in the same locality and had been known to all her neighbors as "Aunt Martha." Another notable Utah pioneer mother who recently died was Ida F. W. McArthur of St. George. Both of these women were active members of the Relief Society.

ELEANOR DARK'S latest book, *The Timeless Land*, was the book of the month for October. *Pray For A Tomorrow* is a beautiful story of Andrew, the fisher boy, by Anne Parrish.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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Vol. 28 DECEMBER, 1941 No. 12

EDITORIAL

The Spirit Of Christmas

ABOUT sixteen hundred years ago, according to legend, there lived in Asia Minor a man named Nicholas, who in the course of time became Bishop of Myra. He was a rich and generous man who loved humanity and delighted in making everyone happy, but he preferred that his beneficences remain a secret. It was his practice to make gifts to the poor by throwing toys and various articles through peoples' windows or by leaving money and food at their doors at night. He was so thoughtful of children that he was referred to as the guardian of children. Their joy as recipients of his favors was his greatest happiness. For a long time his identity remained a secret, but at length he was discovered dressed in his splendid bishop's robes of red trimmed in ermine, carrying a sack of gifts on his back.

As the years passed, various legends grew up about him until he was credited with performing miracles. His story spread from country to country, and so popular did this character become that at length December 6, the date of his death, was set apart in honor of Saint Nicholas. Gradually, December 6 being so near December 25, the custom of observing St. Nicholas Day was absorbed into the Christmas festival, and the name Saint Nicholas was corrupted to Santa Claus. For hundreds of years this gay and popular character has lived in the hearts of men as the symbol of Christmas. The spirit exemplified by him is the spirit of Christmas.

The Christmas spirit is an intangible force that takes hold of men and fills them with love and good will. It is the spirit which makes the Christmas season the gladdest time of all the year. It is not the gifts, costly or otherwise, that we receive that make Christmas dear to us. It is not what we spend or give that causes us to relive again and again the Christmases that are past and to look forward in joyous anticipation to the Christmas ahead. Instead, it is this vague something known as the Christmas spirit.

The Christmas spirit is available to everyone alike. It is some-

thing which no amount of money can buy. It may reign triumphantly in the humblest home, while the home of the wealthy may be desolate because of its absence. Its purchase price is love and good will, struggle and sacrifice, unity of interests and willingness to share.

Last Christmas Day my Christmas visits took me to homes where visible expressions of the day were sharply contrasted. I visited homes where luxuriant and costly gifts were everywhere in evidence. I visited homes where gifts were both simple and scarce. The happiest home visited was that of a widowed mother with two little boys about ten and twelve years of age. The children, proud and excited over their gift of a crosscut saw, told how many logs they had gathered prior to Christmas in anticipation of the gift. They told how much wood they could saw and cut during the holidays. They explained how the coming winter would not find the family cold or Mother worried about fuel. The mother radiated happiness, not superficial, momentary enjoyment, but a deep and grateful happiness. A Christmas tree stood in the corner of the room, and a warm fire burned in an open grate—special Christmas extravagances, I'm sure—but the real warmth in that home was the warmth of love and unity of interests. This little family had captured the Christmas spirit.

As we review our own Christmases of the past, it is not the detail of any gift that remains dear to us; it is not whether we had more or less than friend or neighbor that remains important. Rather, it is the feelings that surged within us—the eagerness of planning, the joy of united effort, the gladness of expectancy, the thrill of plans realized, the happiness of association with friends and loved ones. It is not the things that came easy to us that we cherish as of greatest worth, but those things for which we sacrificed and struggled. It is the spirit of Christmas that remains with us as the most real thing connected with the day, and it is this we would enjoy again and again.

Parents would do well to keep this in mind as they prepare for this 1941 Christmas. Rather than straining ourselves to the breaking point that every want of our children may be gratified and that they may have as much or more than friend or neighbor, leaving us spent in every way, why not center our efforts upon intensifying the spirit of Christmas in our homes?

It is the Christmas spirit which makes Christmas something of more than transitory value. It develops character; it unites families; it promotes good will; it binds people together in bonds of love and friendship. These are things worth striving for.

The spirit of Christmas, as symbolized by Saint Nicholas, has for generations been making the world a better place in which to live. It is the Spirit of the Master alive in the hearts of men.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Award Winners

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem Contest

THE Relief Society General Board is pleased to announce the names of the three award winners in the 1941 Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest. This year the contest was announced in the June, 1941, issue of the *Magazine* and closed October 1, 1941.

The first prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Eva Willes Wangsgaard, 818 Twenty-eighth Street, Ogden, Utah, for her poem, "Brave, Privileged Feet."

The second prize of ten dollars is awarded to Vesta Pierce Crawford, 1067 East Fifth South Street, Salt Lake City, for her poem, "Spacious Century."

The third prize of five dollars is awarded to Zella A. Johnson, Barnwell, Alberta, Canada, for her poem, "Centennial."

The Relief Society General Board has conducted this memorial poem contest annually since 1923. It is held in honor of Eliza Roxey Snow, who was the second general president of the Relief Society and a very gifted poet. No definite subject has been recommended for the poems submitted until this year, when the Relief Society centennial was to be the theme of all poems submitted. The contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women and is planned to stimulate and encourage them to write poetry and to more deeply appreciate creative writing and the beauty and value of poetic verse.

This year 89 poems were submitted on the subject of the Relief Society centennial. The poems revealed a deep appreciation for the Relief Society century and for the coming centennial observance, and poetic insight into the importance of such an occasion.

It is the custom to announce the poems selected as prize winners in each contest in the January issue of the *Magazine* following the contest. This year, however, announcement is made in the December issue due to the fact that prize-winning poems are included in the new *Relief Society Centennial Anthology of Verse* which will be published before January.

The General Board appreciates the interest shown in the contest and thanks all who have contributed to its success—the entrants for their splendid contributions, the three judges for their willing service and for the excellence of their judgment in selecting prize-winning poems, and the General Board committee for its contribution to the success of the contest. The prize-winning poems, together with photographs of the prize-winning contestants, will be published in the January issue of the *Relief Society Magazine*.

Award Winners

Relief Society Centennial Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society General Board is pleased to announce the names of award winners in the short story contest which was announced in the June, 1941, issue of the *Magazine* and which closed October 1, 1941.

The first prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Alice Morrey Bailey, 256 Iowa Street, Salt Lake City, for her story "Wilderness."

The second prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Mabel Harmer, 945 South Seventh East Street, Salt Lake City, for her story "Inheritance."

The third prize of ten dollars is awarded to Vera Hinckley Mayhew, 1030 Keeler Avenue, Berkeley, California, for her story "Men Must Work."

This short story contest was conducted by the Relief Society General Board as a feature of the centennial observance. The Society has always encouraged creative writing, reserving space each month in *The Relief Society Magazine* for the publication of fiction.

The contest was open only to Latter-day Saint women who had had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication by the editor of a publication of recognized merit. Members of the General Board of Relief Society and those persons connected with the Relief Society office staff were not eligible to enter the contest. The rules of the contest specified that stories should not exceed 3,000 words in length and that the Relief Society centennial be used as the theme.

Twenty-three stories were submitted, all of which were of unusual merit. They were characterized by accurate information on the history of Relief Society, unusual insight into its problems during the hundred years of its existence, and deep appreciation for its accomplishments. Excellent literary form also characterized the work submitted. Because of the general excellence of the stories, judging was difficult. To be selected as an award winner from a group whose work was so outstanding is distinct recognition.

The General Board appreciates the interest evidenced in the contest, the high standard of work submitted, and the precision with which the rules of the contest were followed.

The careful consideration given to the selection of award-winning stories by the five judges is also greatly appreciated.

Stories, together with photographs of the award-winning contestants, will be published in coming issues of *The Relief Society Magazine*, as follows:

"Wilderness," by Alice Morrey Bailey, January, 1942.

"Inheritance," by Mabel Harmer, February, 1942.

"Men Must Work," by Vera Hinckley Mayhew, March, 1942.

Special Feature For Magazine—1942

THE *Magazine* is pleased to announce as a special feature for the centennial year the publication in twelve monthly installments, beginning with the January, 1942, issue, the life story of President Amy Brown Lyman, entitled "In Retrospect."

There are few women in the Church whose experiences have been so rich and so varied. Beginning life in a small Mormon community, her activities have taken her to the largest centers in the world. She has touched the lives of individuals from all walks of life. She has been intimate with some of the world's prominent personalities, while many of the lowliest call her "friend." An ardent advocate of formal education, she has been a student and teacher in institutions of higher learning, yet she has a deep appreciation and a high regard for education that comes from self-effort and the experiences of life.

Understanding, accepting, and living the Gospel, Mrs. Lyman is an example to young and old alike. Service to humanity has characterized her life, and her desire to serve intelligently has led her to acquaint herself with the most advanced methods of social service; in fact, she has been a pioneer in advancing the science of social service in the various communities in which she has lived.

Mrs. Lyman has been intimately identified with Relief Society since her young womanhood. She has served as a member and officer of the General Board for a period of thirty-three years, and at the present time presides over approximately 100,000 women as general president of the Society. The story of her life is a recital of the dramatic story of Relief Society over a period of many years.

Relief Society women are familiar with her charm as a public speaker and her gift as a writer. In publishing "In Retrospect" by President Amy Brown Lyman, the *Magazine* feels that it is presenting the life of a truly representative Latter-day Saint woman, that a wealth of valuable historical information is preserved, that the story of Relief Society and a number of the great personalities connected with it are revealed in a new and interesting light, and that it is bringing to its readers a dramatic and entertaining story. This feature is one of a number of outstanding features planned by the *Magazine* in recognition of the Relief Society centennial.

Dates For Presentation Of March Lessons

IT is recommended by the General Board that the literature lesson scheduled for March, 1942, be presented on March 24, and that the social science lesson be presented on March 31. This will leave free Tuesday, March 17, for the observance of the Relief Society centennial.

Relief Society Receives Valuable Books From Mrs. Clara Tate Reed

THE Relief Society General Board expresses thanks and appreciation to Mrs. Clara Marie Tate Reed (Mrs. George W. Reed) for her generous gift of a bound volume of the *Woman's Exponent* covering the issues from January, 1876, to December, 1878, and also a copy of *Women of Mormondom* by Edward W. Tullidge, published in 1877. These rare and valuable books were presented to the Board in honor of Mrs. Reed's mother, Mrs. Ann Tate, who was one of the signers of the Articles of Incorporation of the National Woman's Relief Society, and who during her lifetime was an active Relief Society worker. Mrs. Tate was owner of both of these choice volumes.

Ora W. Chipman and Hazel Brockbank Elected to Office

A RECENT announcement of interest to Relief Society workers was the election of Ora W. Chipman as first vice-president of the Utah State Conference of Social Work for the coming year. Mrs. Chipman is supervisor of the Relief Society social welfare department in Salt Lake City. Formerly, she was on the staff of the Salt Lake County welfare department. She is a graduate of the School of Social Work, University of Southern California. Through training and experience Mrs. Chipman is well qualified to serve effectively in the position to which she has been named.

The Utah State Conference of Social Work has for many years been an effective organization in promoting individual, family and community welfare. The annual sessions of the conference were held this year in Salt Lake City.

Recognition has also recently come to Miss Hazel Brockbank, member of the Y. W. M. I. A. General Board, in her election as president of the Utah Education Association. Miss Brockbank is at present supervisor at the Stewart Training School. She was formerly Utah State Director of Primary Education. She is the first woman to be elected to head the Utah educators.

Women Advised Regarding Sewing Machine Repairmen

THE Singer Sewing Machine Company warns Relief Society women of the activities of certain persons representing themselves as agents of the Sewing Machine Company. On the pretext of doing repair work, these persons take machines away and fail to return them. In all instances, women are advised to make sure that persons representing themselves as agents of any company are reliable authorized representatives of that company.

New Cantata By Gladys Rich and Minnie D. Warner

INCLUDED in the list of suggestions for music appropriate for centennial programs, published in blue bulletin No. 21, issued November 2, 1941, is a cantata, *Messengers of Mercy*, which will be off the press in December, 1941. The music of this cantata is by Gladys Rich, words by Minnie D. Warner. It is prepared for women's three-part chorus, and its theme is based on the organization of Relief Society by the Prophet Joseph Smith. The cantata consists of three choruses—"The Call"; "The Message"; and "The Challenge." Each chorus can be used separately as a special number. Presentation time for the entire cantata is 12 minutes. Price—single copy, 50c, postpaid; quantity orders of 12 or more copies are available at the rate of 35c each, postpaid. Do not order from the General Board, but only from Mrs. Minnie D. Warner, Box 41, Ogden, Utah.

THE MASTER HAND

Ida R. Alldredge

O winter, with your icy finger tips,
Your chill voice sobbing on the weary hills
While day with cold wet breath clings shivering
And sheds her tears within thy mournful rills,
How often hast thou laid thy hand upon my heart
As storm clouds gathered on my horizon
And filled my soul with fear and anguished doubt,
Then drawn thy evening mantle round about.

But lo, night's artistry a miracle hath wrought,
For golden hands of sunrise draw apart
The rain-fringed curtains, and behold 'tis day!
It sends a warmth into my tired heart,
For soon the earth is clothed in garments white;
A peaceful calm, a hush pervades the scene;
The trees are bowed as if in solemn prayer.
I pause, for lo, I feel that God is there.

For though the stately pine and blue fir each
Wear pearls and ermine with such perfect ease,
The poorest weed surpasses in resplendent garb
With a million diamonds glistening. E'en these
Need but thy breath to quicken them once more,
To clothe them with simplicity and grace.
Just so we need the touch of Master hand
To beautify our lives and help us understand.

Home Life—A Social Science

Dr. Harold T. Christensen, Brigham Young University

(Summary of Address Given at Relief Society General Conference, Social Science Department, October 1, 1941)

THE relationships between male and female are of such an intimate and personal nature that they lead into some of the greatest joys that are possible for men and women to experience on the one hand and to some of the deepest miseries and sorrows that are possible for mankind to know on the other hand.

We realize that the world has gone a long way in its mechanical progress. Today we enjoy conveniences and luxuries that kings and queens could not experience not so long ago, and yet mankind today is suffering perhaps more than at any other time in history. Wars abound in the earth; unemployment, insecurity, poverty, and crime have for some time been on the increase.

Why should this condition exist? I think the answer lies in the fact that we have been more industrious in mechanical and industrial fields than in social and religious fields. The challenge of tomorrow is the reconstruction of our social organization. The family is recognized by students of sociology as the basic and most primary group of all groups in society. The family today is not in a healthful condition. Divorce statistics reveal family breakdown all too common. Since the period of the Civil War, marriages in this country increased 400 percent, and the divorce rate during the same period increased about 2,000 percent. In 1930 there was one divorce for every six marriages. Increase since that time seems to indicate that there is about one divorce to every five or five and one-half marriages. In addition to the great number of divorces there are many thousands of desertions, and separations by mutual consent swell the picture. Then, there are many families living together in a state of unhappiness, where parents and children are incompatible, but held together because of the stigma attached to divorce, or because of its expense, or out of consideration for the children. Marriage failure is all too common in modern society. However, there is much that can be done about it, and attention should be focused on this.

WE hear a lot these days about conservation of natural resources, about soil erosion taking place on our farms, but a greater problem than *soil* erosion is the problem of *soul* erosion. If we can reconstruct our family life where it is broken down, we will do much, I think, to alleviate this soul erosion. Relief Society women can do much in tackling this problem. Young people today are asking serious questions, such as, "At what age should I marry?" "What thing is the most important to consider in choosing a mate?" "How can I recognize true love when it comes?" "How can I hold the love of my partner in marriage?" "Is divorce ever justified?" They need help on these problems. Should we analyze situations and

help our young people to understand the complex phenomena of modern life so that they can gain a philosophy of life that will be of help to them when applied to their home conditions, or should we refuse to understand the problems they are facing? Do we dogmatize to such an extent that we antagonize and fail to help them because we don't reach them?

The objective approach of sociology is to help the young. I realize that there has been and is quite a bit of anti-scientific bias in this field. Some people feel that we have no right to inquire into the problems of courtship and marriage. That is one of our problems. But we cannot destroy real love or home life by adding knowledge. Knowledge may be the means of preserving these. Too often in our modern society young people enter marriage not knowing what it is all about, impregnated with what sociologists are calling the "romantic fallacy"—the idea that romance and love is everything, and that if they find the one and only they will be eternally happy. They fail to face courtship and marriage realistically, which means that after marriage they must face a period of disillusionment. They must learn that their mate is a human being just as they are, with fine qualities and virtues and also limitations; that they must adjust and learn to overlook shortcomings; that love is something not to be found in a moment of romantic enrapture, but to be developed through years of sacrifice, living and learning together. When our young people enter marriage with the romantic fallacy predominating and face the necessity of having it deflated, they face disorganization in the process. That is one reason why so many marriages are fatal. I say again, we must face the problem more realistically than emotionally.

Successful home life is a social science; it is more than that. As I have indicated already, we need the inspiration and motivation that come from religion if we are to make it, perhaps the greatest adventure of life, successful.

Relief Society women are the mothers of children, wives of men, and the friends of humanity. Through the influence of their successful lives and wise counsel much can be accomplished.

MY WINTER

Emily Platts Smith

When winter comes to me
I shall not weep,
But be glad
For experiences of springtime,
Summer's clouds and showers,
The recompense of harvest,
That give me power
To understand the immensity of God.

The Church Welfare Program For 1942

Marion G. Romney

Assistant Managing Director of Church Welfare Program

(Relief Society General Conference, Officers' Meeting, Thursday, October 2, 1941)

RELIEF SOCIETY workers and members of the General Welfare Committee touch common ground in their respective assignments in the Church; that common ground is in being called to assist the bishops in administering relief to the poor and needy of our brethren and sisters in the Church.

If we are to properly discharge the duties of our assignment, we must thoroughly understand the nature, purpose, and aim of the relief which the bishops are to render and in the rendering of which we are to be aids.

Since being assigned to work with the General Welfare Committee, I have sought diligently to determine what that relief is. What I say this morning is, with some of my own interpretations, taken largely from the revelations and the teachings of our living leaders on that question.

By divine injunction there has been placed upon the bishops the responsibility of administering relief to the poor of the Church. In placing this responsibility the Lord has said, "The office of a bishop is in administering all temporal things . . . having a knowledge of them by the Spirit of truth." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 107:68-71)

To the bishop is given all the powers and responsibilities which the Lord has specifically prescribed for the caring of the poor. To him go the funds necessary therefor, and to him are given the gifts and functions necessary for carrying on the work. No one else is charged with this duty and responsibility. No one else is endowed with the power and functions necessary for this work. It is his duty, and his only, to determine to whom, when, how, and how much shall be given to any member of his ward from Church funds and as ward help. This is his high and solemn obligation imposed by the Lord himself. The bishop cannot escape this duty; he cannot shirk it; he cannot pass it on to someone else and so relieve himself. Whatever help he calls in, he is still responsible in carrying out the obligation.

However, the bishop may and usually does call upon the Relief Society and now the Church welfare organization for assistance. The rendering of this assistance is a most important work, one which no one can do quite so well as can you.

It is not my purpose to instruct you how to perform the details of this assignment. That instruction you are receiving from your able leaders, Sister Lyman and her associates of the General Board of Relief Society. They are by native endowment and training admirably qualified to so instruct you.

I desire to point out, however, that the help given by the bishop, in the giving of which he calls upon

the Relief Society and the Church welfare organization for assistance, is different from help given by other organizations and agencies. Relief by public agencies is given primarily from political, social, or economic considerations. The welfare of the state supersedes the upbuilding of the individual and is the primary measure by which public relief is gauged and its amount determined. All possible safeguards must be thrown around the help thus given to prevent one person getting more help than others in his class. Private non-church agencies who administer relief do so from philanthropic motives which are altogether good and commendable, but the help given by the bishop is wholly different from either. The Church has been *commanded* to care for its poor and needy, and the bishop has been charged with the responsiblity and given the power to carry out the commandment.

The standard by which the help given is to be measured is indicated by the following laws given by revelation to the Church:

> Women have claim on their husbands for their maintenance, until their husbands are taken; and if they are not found transgressors they shall have fellowship in the Church.
>
> All children have claim upon their parents for their maintenance until they are of age.
>
> And after that, they have claim upon the Church, or in other words, upon the Lord's storehouse, if their parents have not wherewith to give them inheritances.
>
> And the storehouse shall be kept by the consecrations of the Church; and widows and orphans shall be provided for, as also the poor. (*Doctrine and Covenants* 83: 2, 4-6)

Thus, to the widow the Church is to stand in place of husband; to the orphan in place of parent. Such an obligation is not met by bestowing a few dollars on a flat uniform scale. Different individuals have different needs, require different treatment. The Lord has, by revelation, given direction as to where the funds with which to administer the relief are to be obtained. There are the fast donations and the tithing, and now the great production program under the direction of the Church Welfare Committee. The Lord has warned the rich of the consequences of their failing to contribute to the bishops' storehouse and He has warned those who receive that their spirits must be contrite and that they must be free from greediness.

Those of us who carry on this great work must have broken hearts and contrite spirits. We must keep in mind that those who are helped must be likewise pure in heart, for the Lord has said:

> Blessed are the poor who are pure in heart, whose hearts are broken, and whose spirits are contrite, for they shall see the kingdom of God coming in power and great glory unto their deliverance; for the fatness of the earth shall be theirs.
>
> For behold, the Lord shall come and his recompense shall be with him, and he shall reward every man, and the poor shall rejoice;
>
> And their generations shall inherit the earth from generation to generation, forever and ever. (*Doctrine and Covenants* 56:18-20)

You see, then, that the prime duty of help to the poor by the Church is not only to bring temporal relief to their needs, but salvation to their souls. As the Prophet Joseph Smith said, "The ladies' Relief Society is not only to relieve the poor, but to save souls." These things cannot be achieved by dollars

and cents; therefore, all cannot be brought to the same living standards. More help must be given here and less there to fit the needs of those in want. Every case must be judged upon its own merits, and the test of the kind and amount of relief must be measured by the ultimate spiritual uplift.

When the Prophet set up the Relief Society, the revelations regarding bishops and their duties had already been given. But who other than the sisters of the Relief Society could, as the Prophet said, "pour in oil and wine to the wounded heart of the distressed, dry up the tears of the orphan, and make the widow's heart to rejoice." The Lord in his wisdom knew that by the very nature of its members and the character of its organization the Relief Society, as an auxiliary to the Priesthood, was peculiarly fitted to advise with the bishops on these matters, and that it should be used by them to administer relief in the homes. He knew that in administering relief the Relief Society women, and they only, could best help in guiding the unskilled, careless, and improvident housewife; advise about budgets; instruct as to the care of the sick; help in time of death; and act as the advocate for the poor to see that want and distress are kept from the doors of the Saints.

As the bishop is the "father" of the ward, so the Relief Society may be described as the "mother" of the ward.

To assist in this great relief work, as all of you know, some six years ago the Church welfare program was inaugurated under the direction of the First Presidency of the Church. Before it were set two principal objectives: "(1) to provide the bishop of the Church with the materials needed by him in meeting his divinely imposed obligations to the poor; (2) to help the Priesthood quorums in their rehabilitation of the unfortunate." (President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.)

You are all more or less familiar with the way in which the program is providing the bishop with the needed materials.

Our efforts shall be redoubled during the coming year, to increase production, processing, preservation, and distribution. You have always done your full share in this program, and we know you will continue to do so. While much remains to be done in our assignment "to provide the bishop of the Church with the materials needed," perhaps the second objective, which is "to help the Priesthood quorums in their rehabilitation of" their quorum members, remains the least developed. We expect that great strides shall be made during the coming year. The Priesthood quorums' responsibilities do not end when each of their members is self-sustaining. The spirit of brotherhood requires that each member of the quorums shall be trained, encouraged, and assisted to improve his condition until his temporal and spiritual salvation is assured.

The blessings held out as the fruits of the Gospel of Jesus Christ cannot be realized other than through cooperative, love-inspired effort, for while it is true that each person will be exalted or otherwise on his own record, this does not mean that we can be exalted alone; that is, without an interest in the rest of our Father's children. A love

for and an interest in one's brothers and sisters is an indispensable part of the principles of exaltation. It has always been of the warp and woof of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In the days of Moses the Lord commanded, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." (Leviticus 19:18)

Jesus to His disciples at the Last Supper said:

A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.

By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. (John 13:34-35)

The Lord, speaking to His disciples in our day, said:

For verily I say unto you, the time has come, and is now at hand; and behold, and lo, it must needs be that there be an organization of my people, in regulating and establishing the affairs of the storehouse for the poor of my people. . . . That through my providence, notwithstanding the tribulation which shall descend upon you, that the Church may stand independent above all other creatures beneath the celestial world. (*Doctrine and Covenants* 78:3-14)

The welfare program and the Relief Society are two of the agencies of the Church through which we shall move toward this glorious goal. May God help us to catch a sufficiently clear view of our work and the destiny of His people to hold us to our course during these uneasy times and the tribulations which shall follow.

The Spirit Giveth Life

Priscilla L. Evans

Relief Society General Board Member

(Summary of Address Given at Relief Society General Conference, General Session, October 2, 1941)

WHO can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. . . .

She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.

She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. . . .

She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard . . .

Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land . . .

Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her . . .

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates. (Proverbs 31:10-16; 23; 25-28; 30-31.)

This is an ideal. It will live always, for spiritual ideals do not change. Solomon's words describe a "virtuous woman" as one whose life exemplifies all the virtues—personal chastity, loyalty to those nearest and dearest to her. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in

her; she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." This worthy woman possesses also the virtues of industry, thrift, integrity, kindness, humility, imagination and faith. She "feareth the Lord." Her reward is the one thing most desired by all worthy women: "Her children arise up and call her blessed, and her husband also and he praiseth her." A plea is made for this woman: "Give her of the fruit of her hands and let her own works praise her in the gates." This plea was not answered in Solomon's time, nor was it fully answered until the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ gave the answer. For to you and to me have been given "the fruits of our hands" and "our own works do praise us in the gates."

The women in this audience are Relief Society sisters; their lives exemplify, as nearly as is humanly possible, this ideal woman of Solomon.

The women of Nauvoo were perfect examples of this virtuous woman of Solomon. They went to the Prophet Joseph and asked for some unit through which they might work more effectively and carry on without waste their charitable efforts in caring for the workmen at the temple. They were serving as individuals; all their lives they had done all that they possibly could do as individuals, but they felt a need for some organized unit through which to work. They took to the Prophet a simple set of by-laws that they had drawn up. He told them he had been considering the matter of an organization for them for some time, and added, according to Sister Sarah M. Kimball, who was present at the time, that his plans "were much greater than any they had in mind." Their vision was for their immediate needs, but his vision was prophetic —that we now realize when we view this great organization.

This association, established by the Prophet of the Lord, has something that no other woman's organization has. It was set up by the Prophet of the Lord, and he breathed into it a spirit, which is its greatest strength. Unlike any other womans' organization, it is directed by the Priesthood of God; no program is initiated without the approval of those who are entitled to divine inspiration from God. That is our greatest strength. Relief Society was organized at a time in our national life when other large organizations came into being, but unlike any of them it is not a protest organization. The great anti-slavery organization was a protest against trafficking in human beings. All the great abolitionist organizations which came into being at the beginning of the Civil War were protests against a nation divided against itself in war. The great Suffrage Association was a protest against the discriminations against women. The Women's Christian Temperance Association, which is still in existence, is a protest against the manufacture and sale of liquor. Our organization, on the other hand, is an affirmation organization. Unlike other organizations, it has no objective which when gained is the end. Always when one goal is reached, far on is another, for it envisions all good. It is an integral part of the Gospel plan.

Now this spirit which we have and must hold to is not a static thing; it is like a plant which grows with nur-

ture and with stimulation. Our organization plans and programs which are given to you in the bulletins, the *Magazine*, et cetera, are tools or mechanics offered to you for the purpose of stimulating this spirit. You are given the best possible equipment, because all of these plans and programs—or tools—are made with that same spirit which the Prophet Joseph breathed into the organization in the beginning. They are formed under the guidance of the Lord; they are given to you with the blessing of the Priesthood; they are the best and most efficient tools you could have, but they are only a means to an end, the end being the preservation of the spirit of Relief Society.

How can we tell whether we are preserving this spirit which gives life to this organization. I think Sister McConkie gave the answer this morning when she said, "The spirit comes to us and gives us understanding because of individual righteousness." That is how we can tell. The women must live worthy lives in order that this spirit may be preserved.

The great mission of Relief Society is the spiritual enrichment of the individual. It is more difficult for us to fulfill this mission now in our affluence and security than it was in our poverty and our trial. So in our great strength, our need is for humility; we must seek the Lord always. May we agree with Paul when he said, "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think any thing, as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God." (II Corinthians 3:5.) The Spirit of God does not dwell with self-assurance and vanity. And so I pray that we may all be blessed with continuing strength and humility, that this spirit shall be held inviolate, for in very deed it is only the spirit that giveth life to this organization.

"Highway For Americans"

Bernard C. Shoenfeld

The following excerpt from a radio program called "Highway For Americans," presented over the Columbia Broadcasting System, July, 1941, was read by Ned Williams, at Relief Society General Conference, Literature Department, October 1, 1941. It is printed in the *Magazine* with the consent of Bernard C. Shoenfeld, Chief of Radio Section, Division of Information, Office of Emergency Management, Washington, D. C. In introducing Mr. Williams, it was pointed out that humor and our beloved humorous characters have served America—colonial America, Civil War America, pioneering America, America recovering from World War I—in the trying periods of her progress, and that humor will again be a sustaining, saving power in the present national emergency.

NARRATOR: Yes, in the old days they laughed in America.
They laughed the belly laugh from Manhattan to San Francisco . . .
And yet they had no right to laugh.
They had less right to laugh than we have today . . .
By rights they should have been as serious as Job.
Why, just consider:
Life is hard, at times unendurable, in those thirteen colonies;

Grows harder, grows less endurable,
At Bunker Hill, at Valley Forge,
In the woods near Trenton, the mountains of Ticonderoga,
The fields of Virginia, the swamps of Georgia,
In Independence Hall.
Yet while Franklin plans with others the phrasing of a Declaration . . .

VOICE: When in the course of human events it becomes necessary . . .

NARRATOR: While he dreams of order out of chaos,
While he listens to Jefferson:

VOICE: We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with the unalienable right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

NARRATOR: While he listens in dead earnest, Ben Franklin yet can joke:

FRANKLIN: Three may keep a secret —if two of them are dead.

NARRATOR: Or he can say this:

FRANKLIN: Men are most likely to be cheated in three things—a horse, a wig, and a wife.

NARRATOR: Or he can pull the leg of foreigners by telling them this:

FRANKLIN: It is a rare experience to see a whale swimming up Niagara Falls. The grand leap of the whale up Niagara Falls is one of the finest spectacles in nature!

NARRATOR: We give you Ben Franklin, teller of tall tales!
Now the task of bringing success to a new free nation begins.
Men set forth on high adventure,
Trappers, hunters, pioneers,
Opening up America in 1790, 1810, 1820,
No fun. Nothing to kick one's heels up about.
Now there are Indian wars, and wars with Mexico,
Wars between the sheepmen and the cattlemen,
Work, hard work, vein-bursting work,
To keep a nation going.
And yet all over America, jokes and legends—tall tales—and songs are told and sung.
Yet there is nothing to sing about or laugh about.
Abolitionists are fierce, speak out for freedom,
The South talks of seceding,
Men in dark places whisper civil war,
Nothing to laugh about . . . .
And yet a portly, gold-watch-chained gentleman called Barnum—P. T.,
Laughs, brings laughter to the ticket-buyers:

BARKER: Mr. Barnum, at tremendous expense, has transported to this country a real and gigantic monster—Jumbo, largest elephant in the world! Also—you will see Zindita who charms snakes with her eyes—Mr. Pitt, seven feet tall! And the smallest man in the world, Tom Thumb! Also—for your delectation . . . . The bearded lady! . . . Oh, Pardon me, mister, my mistake . . . .

SOUND: CROWD LAUGHTER.

NARRATOR: Strange they should find the strength to laugh
For the whispers are growing,
The prophetic eyes of John Brown

bulge with the pressure of the hangman's noose,
The Union is disunited.
No time for laughter . . .
And yet, Josh Billings makes the slavers and the abolitionists alike
Forget antipathy, and chuckle when they read:

ILLINGS: "The duck is a kind of short-legged hen.
They can sail on the water as natural and easy as a grease spot.
Ducks have a broad bill which enables them to eat their food without any spoon,
There ain't any room on the outside of a duck for any more feathers.
The duck don't crow like a rooster, but quacks like a duck."

OUND: GUN VOLLEY.

NARRATOR: That's Fort Sumter.
All that the Pilgrims worked for,
All that the Cavaliers worked for,
All that the Revolution had brought about,
All the struggles of the pioneers, the westward-ho-ers,
Is done for, finished, down the drain.
North against South at Shiloh, at Vicksburg, at Chattanooga,
At Gettysburg, at leveled, ruined Atlanta.
No time for laughter now.
And yet—Abe Lincoln laughs.
Telling his stories to the manipulators,
To the politicians, to the generals,
Hiding his vision of Ford's Theatre,
Bringing compassion by playing the vaudevilian,
Chuckling as he says:

LINCOLN: "Slept on watch, did he? Well, I don't believe shooting him will teach him a lesson."

NARRATOR: Or this:

LINCOLN: "If Almighty God gives a man a pair of cowardly legs, how can he help their running away with him?"

NARRATOR: Or this:

LINCOLN: "Grant drinks, you say? I wonder if you could get me a few barrels of that same whiskey for my other Generals."

NARRATOR: Towns are in ruin in America.
Bodies rot on battlefields in the hot Virginia sun—
No time for laughter.
And yet Artemus Ward
Brings laughter to the marching files of soldiers!

WARD: "Mr. Coe unintentionally dislocated his neck a few years since by falling from a scaffold in Illinois, a rope being twined about his neck at the time. There was a large crowd present, including the sheriff of the county."

NARRATOR: Well, the war is over.
Once more we are a nation.
Once more the rain washes away the blood in fields, in meadows of America.
Work to be done; no time for laughter.
People needed. And people come . . .
Immigrants coming over to America,
Bringing with them in the steerage
Tidy bundles of grief.
There are few frontiers left by 1900.
This is an America of factories and cities, industry and banks,

machines in mills and in the fields,
Sweat and biceps, workers by the thousands needed.
The Morgans and the Huntingtons, the Astors and the Goulds,
Building the railroads, the factories, the banks, the tractors, the economy,
Serious with the worry that accumulation brings.
The Tony's and the Joe's and the Mike's and the Abe's
Working in the sweatshops, the factories, the mills,
Serious with the worry that no accumulation brings.
And yet laughter is a rainbow curving from Maine to California . . .
Mark Twain making America laugh at itself,
Giving us perspective at our own pomposity.
Now we are strong,
Heavy with strength,
Taking ourselves too seriously, needing the laughter that had pulled us through the struggles, the wars, the crises.
Now we need the sharp point of laughter
To bring us humility
To make us realize the humble rising of our curtain back in 1776.
To shrink our headsize.
And now the laughter at ourselves grows
Making us finer and better people for the self-appraisal.
Will Rogers,
Hurting no one by his humor,
Yet tilting his pen at all pretension:

ROGERS: I see where the Governor of this State is dying. A lady said to me yesterday, "Isn't it wonderful, the Lieutenant Governor is speaking here tonight." That sounds pretty big when you say it, and that's why people go to hear him. I said, "The Lieutenant Governor speaking? What does *he* do?" "Oh, he don't do anything," she said. "What do you mean," I said, "don't do anything? Don't he even get up in the morning?" "Oh, yes," she said. "He gets up every morning and inquires whether the Governor is any sicker."

NARRATOR: By rights we should not be the zanies, the guffawers of the world.
And yet, thank God, we are!
For laughter is the hallmark of democracy! . . .
Don't fear, Davy Crockett,
Sleep quietly, Mark Twain,
Be hopeful, P. T. Barnum,
Have faith, you the common men of yesterday!
Thank God that we whose mind and hearts are free can laugh.
We shall always do so.
We know too well that laughter does not flow easily
When throats are strangled by the tyrant's grasp.
So long as men will fight for freedom
America will be a bright and straight and radiant highway
On which to laugh and sing!

Home Accident Prevention

No. III

CUTS, LACERATIONS, BRUISES, INFECTIONS

The American National Red Cross, in its publication "Home and Farm Accident Prevention," states that a great many unnecessary cuts and bruises are experienced in the home and on the farm through the careless or improper use or neglect of tools or other objects with sharp or jagged edges. Infection of wounds presents serious dangers. The following simple home activities are suggested to prevent cuts, lacerations, bruises and infections:

I. Pins, Tacks, and Small Objects

Ignorance may excuse an infant when it puts pins or tacks into its mouth, but there is no excuse when grown-ups do it. Keep marbles, beans, lemon-drops and similar articles away from small children. They cause many cases of infant strangulation.

II. Broken Glass, et cetera

Broken glass and razor blades should be put into a box and not thrown into the waste basket loose. The accumulation should be disposed of carefully.

III. Wire

Stretch wire carefully, a slip or break of it may cut an artery or put out an eye.

IV. Tools

A sharp ax is a dangerous tool, and should be handled accordingly.

Use a saw with care so as not to cut a finger.

Placing a sharp butcher knife in a drawer with other knives and forks may result in a cut finger.

When using a knife, cut away from the body.

Sharp-edged toys should not be given to small children.

Keep tools stored where children cannot get them. Use care in handling them. Skinned knuckles, cuts and scratches may result in serious infection.

Cans often cause cuts. A sharp can opener prevents a jagged edge on the can.

V. Machinery

Moving parts of machinery should be protected.

Have machines out of gear when oiling, repairing or adjusting them. Discarded tools, machinery, wire fencing, et cetera, should be disposed of to the junkman.

Watch out for nails in loose boards.

VI. Farm Tools and Other Farm Equipment

When pitchforks are not in use, hang them where they belong.

Pulleys should be protected so that hands cannot be caught in them.

VII. Doors, Windows, Screens

Bruised fingers frequently result from being caught by doors, windows and screens; bruises on the head result from insufficient head room in cellars and on stairways. Serious injuries result from car doors being slammed on hands or fingers.

The Merry-Go-Round

Alice Morrey Bailey

CHAPTER NINE

CONSCIOUS of John's voice, Alyn aroused herself from her meditations. "You were saying, John, that the scriptures give us the answer to what life is all about."

"Of course," John elucidated, "theologians put their own interpretation on the scriptures. Some say that men exist for the glorification of God—most of them say that, in fact."

This was interesting. "What do you think, John?" said Alyn. It made things all right just to have John awake, talking to her.

"I like to think that God made people so that they could share the joy of living; so that they could know the satisfaction of growth; possibly, that they could experience the joy that He experienced—the joy of creating."

"John, you're marvelous. I had no idea you had thought things out so thoroughly. But John! We don't have joy. Not many people are really happy?"

"Knowing you are not happy is the only impediment to my happiness. I can never be happy, knowing you are miserable," said John. "I love you too much."

"Oh," said Alyn, not knowing what further to add. It was hard not to believe in John. How wrong it had been for her to judge him by the standards of money, to have judged his job in terms of pay. He seemed to have so much more of richness, so much more of depth since he had gone to work at the nurseries. He seemed not the same man who used to come home so often with nervous headaches, who balked at dinner parties. There was a new serenity about him. It was increasingly satisfying to talk to him.

They had been tenderly close to each other the first years of their marriage, John openly proud of her every thought and move, openly sharing her disappointments time after time at not having a baby, substituting everything that was in his power to give her—gifts, clothes, flowers, trips. She could see it all now, the gradual covering of her feelings at being childless, her increased inability to be made happy, her increased selfishness, wanting more and more until her desires far exceeded John's abilities to fulfill them.

Yes, things seemed clear to her now, but would they be clear the next morning? Few people were happy—almost none, it seemed. Everyone had some great impediment. Lottie had the drag of a large family upon her. Judith had many of the ingredients for happiness—youth, health, a baby coming—but the whole thing was ashes because Theo was gone. Even John was kept on the narrow margin because of her. She herself, not knowing all the reasons, was definitely unhappy. She wished she had let John go on and suggest a solution for her.

THE following Saturday, Judith's last day at Lottie's, was a hec-

e one. There was a convention
town, and the store was full of
ookers." "I've shown a hundred
its and sold only two," complained
y. Mrs. Pinkney was busy for
ore than an hour with one exact-
g customer who tried every hat
the store, it seemed, and then
ent out without buying. The
orm broke the tubes of the inter-
mmunicating system in the shop.
ottie was cross and blamed every-
ne for everything that went wrong.
Judith looked haggard. She had-
t slept well the night before.
When this is over," she said, "I'll
eep for twenty years, like Rip Van
Vinkle." Alyn hadn't had much
me to talk to her all day, except in
atches when she took her a sales
ip. Yes, it had been a tense and
erve-wracking day for everyone, but
rticularly bad for Judith. At clos-
g time Alyn went to the office.
"Get your things, Judith. John is
lling for me, and we'll take you
me."
"Alyn, you're an angel. I've so
uch junk to take home. I've near-
made this shop my home. I had
o idea I had accumulated so much."
When they went out to get into
e car John looked at Judith in
uick concern. When they arrived
her home, he assisted her up the
eps, not allowing her to carry so
uch as her handbag.
"You're sure you'll be all right?"
e said. "I want you to promise me
at if there is anything that Alyn
d I can do to help you that you'll
t us know."
"Both of you are wonderful. I
rtainly shall, for I know you mean
."
"Come home with us, Judith, and
have dinner," Alyn urged. But Judith wouldn't.

"My landlady has some hot soup for me, and I can't think of a thing that I want except to get into bed. Some other time, when I get a little rested."

They left reluctantly, and John was silent all the way home; nor did Alyn feel like talking. She was still thinking of Judith when she went to sleep.

At one o'clock the telephone rang. It was Judith.

"Alyn, I have to go to the hospital —now, tonight."

"No!" said Alyn.

"Yes, I called Dr. Vance, and he says I must go right away. I wanted to tell you."

"Judith, I'm going with you. You haven't called a taxi yet, have you?"

"You darling! I hoped you would say that."

"What is it?" said John, raising on an elbow.

"Judith. She has to go to the hospital," Alyn answered from the clothes closet. "I'm going with her."

John threw back the covers and jumped out of bed.

"Hand me my shirt and tie, will you, darling?" he said. "I'm going too."

A GREAT sense of foreboding came over Alyn as she hurried with John to the garage. Never in all her sheltered life had she been anywhere near when a baby had been born. Of course, some of her friends had had babies, but her only contact with them had been when she went to see the mother with a gift and some flowers days after the baby was born. To have offered, as she had with Judith, to take any one

of them to the hospital had never entered her mind; but with Judith it was different.

"John," she said, when they were on the way, "do you think she'll be all right? The baby was not due for another month, you know."

John's face was grave; it brought no assurance. But then it was silly to expect John to know any more about such a matter than she herself knew.

Judith stood waiting at the door with her hat on and her suitcase by her side when they arrived at the apartment. Her eyes were unnaturally bright, and her cheeks were scarlet. Her hands showed a fine tremor. When Alyn put an arm about her to help her down the steps, she found that Judith's whole body shook in the same way—an uncontrollable way. Her teeth chattered, too, when she spoke.

"Judith, are you afraid?"

"No," said Judith, lifting her head. "I'm not afraid of anything that might happen . . . to me."

The great hospital rose tall and dark, except for an occasional light in the staff offices. The streets were empty and silent. John drove around to the service entrance at the back. Together they walked up the incline, John on one side of Judith, Alyn on the other. They were soon enveloped in hospital routine. Odors of mingled ether and medications peculiar to all hospitals surrounded them. Judith was entered officially at the office, placed in a wheel chair and taken upon the elevator to a room, John and Alyn hurrying to keep up with the brisk nurse who wheeled her.

"Will you step out one moment, please?" a nurse asked, almost before John could set Judith's suitcase down.

"Can't Mrs. Fordyce stay?" Judith asked appealingly of the nurse.

"Sorry. Against the rules."

Alyn folowed John into the hall. It was a long time before the nurse came out of the room leaving the door open behind her. Alyn went in.

Judith was in bed, clad in a coarse hospital jacket. She reached a hand for Alyn and smiled briefly.

"It is good having you here. It's as if you were my own sister. It is something I never thought I should have."

Tears stung Alyn's eyelids. She squeezed Judith's hand. "It's as good for me as for you. It is something I never thought would come to me either."

Then Judith drew an envelope from underneath the pillow and handed it, face down, to Alyn.

"Keep this for me, please. I'll undoubtedly ask for it back again . . . after the baby comes."

"Certainly," said Alyn, and avoided looking at it as she took it. "It will be as safe in these deep pockets as if it were in a vault." It probably contained Judith's rings, she thought, and closed her mind to any curiosity about its contents.

Without warning, Judith's eyes closed; she bit her lips, moaned, and rolled her head back and forth on the pillow. Alyn was terror stricken. As if she had been called, a nurse hurried in, the panels of her stiff uniform clapping together.

"Will you step out one moment, please?" she asked.

"WILL you step out one moment, please?" Alyn repeated

John, whom she found waiting
the sunporch. "John, they said
exactly alike, and they were two
fferent nurses. Do you think a
rrot taught them?"

She heard the request often in the
urs that followed, for she entered
e room every time the door was
ft ajar.

"If Judith wants me, I'll be
ere," she told John. "They can
ar their old phrase threadbare."

John, of course, made no attempt
return to Judith's room, but re-
ained in the dark sunporch, which
oked out upon the city. The hos-
tal was situated high upon a hill,
d at its foot the city lay sleeping
the moonlight. Neon signs in
e business district made brilliant
tches on the garment of the night.

"John," said Alyn once, coming
t to him, "it must be terrible. She
oks at me sometimes and doesn't
em to see me. I can't bear it, but
can't bear leaving her, either. John,
hy must there be so much suffer-
g attached to it?"

"I don't know, darling," John
id, putting an arm about her. "I
n't know, unless it is that a new
e is a precious thing, and precious
ings seem always to exact a price
pain or sweat or despair. Human
ture is so constituted that it holds
little value that which comes too
sily. Look, dear, at all those roofs
t there."

Alyn knew that John was deliber-
ely trying to draw her mind away
om the distress of Judith, but she
oked at the roofs. They stretched
way on every hand discernible in
e moonlight, some squat and low,
me high and pretentious, some
inting beautifully out of trees,
any of them drab and ugly.

"I have been thinking of the people under them—tens, hundreds, thousands of them. Each human being, each individual, has his own set of problems. Many set themselves up as judges of the rest, banding together in groups to promote their own selfish interests. Few fully realize that God is over all, that the ultimate destiny of the poorest, meanest wisp of humanity is as important to Him as you or I or any king. He has given us life and truth and beauty, but He lets us work out our own destinies; we make our own mistakes."

"John, I never knew you were such a wonderful person," said Alyn, feeling very humble. Tonight she felt in close touch with the truly big things of life. The coming of a new human being into the world focused her thoughts upon life as nothing had ever done before.

Meanwhile, Judith was fighting for that newcomer in a half-conscious world of pain that none of them could touch.

IT seemed ages before a nurse approached Alyn and John.

"Are you Mrs. Fordyce?" she asked Alyn.

"Yes. Is anything wrong?"

"The patient is asking for you."

Alyn looked appealingly at John for reassurance.

"Only one of you may go in," informed the nurse, misinterpreting the look.

Alyn followed her into a chamber where the nurse put a white surgeon's gown over her blue wool dress.

Judith lay unrecognizable in swaths of linen, and a nurse in cap and mask was ministering to her.

The place seemed unreal, like something from another land. The hours of darkness, the uncertainty of waiting, these masked people working silently and expertly at their appointed tasks lent a note of terror to the strange scene.

"Your friend is here," she heard the nurse say to Judith in a soft, tender voice, a voice that somehow surprised Alyn in the midst of all this oddness. Judith rolled pain-stricken eyes to Alyn.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said, and immediately closed her eyes. A strange sensation swept over Alyn. Fumes of ether rose and danced visibly in the air between her and the blinding light. She began to feel unreal and far away. "I will not faint," she told herself grimly, "I will not faint." She fought the sensation of diminished alertness, only dimly realizing the activities about her, dimly hearing Judith's moans. Then the sharp cry of the newborn baby stirred an emotion within her such as she had never had before, an emotion that seemed to begin at the crown of her head and progress slowly downward to her toes. Her nerves seemed electrified by the supreme moment of birth.

"A boy," announced the doctor.

The whole attention of the room centered upon this little scrap of humanity, kicking and squalling incredibly on the sheet-covered table. A shaft of light from the new day shown slantwise through the east windows. It was as if heaven smiled upon this event, as if it were there with them, close enough to touch.

Emotion filled Alyn's being. "I've never been so close to heaven," she thought. "I shall never again think narrowly about anything."

"Doctor! Doctor!" The voice of the anesthetist was low, but it had a terrible urgency. The doctor pushed Alyn back and looked at Judith.

"Nurse!" he said, and the alarm in that single word brought instant activity.

"Hold out your arms," commanded a nurse of Alyn. Alyn obeyed automatically, and she threw a blanket over them. The next instant she had placed Judith's baby into Alyn's arms.

"Hold him firmly, but not too tight," she cautioned. The next instand she was gone, leaving Alyn trembling, with the incredibly soft infant in her arms. Alyn looked down into the little velvet face and noted with amazement that the baby's eyes were open. They seemed to look directly into her own, and the experience seemed to turn her bones to water; she felt weakened—exhausted.

"Hypo!" shouted the doctor. Suddenly Alyn was aware that something dreadful was happening to Judith. She knew that a dreadful drama was taking place—a drama that every person in the room knew the meaning of except herself. Doctors and nurses were working together, silently, skillfully, giving Judith artificial respiration, taking her pulse with anxious eyes and rapt attention.

Alyn could see no movement whatever under the linens.

"John," she whispered, but the word came out in a scream. Immediately John was beside her, his arms enveloping her and the baby.

"Is she . . . ? What has happened?" John demanded.

"I'm afraid the mother is . . . . I'm afraid there is nothing further we can do."

"Is Mrs. Wyatt dead?" asked John sharply.

"Yes. Mrs. Wyatt is dead. Her heart. . . ." said the doctor. "This experience has been too much for her."

Judith dead! It was as if the world swept out from under Alyn, crumbling as it went. John pulled a chair near with his toe and lowered her, the baby still in her arms, into it, supporting her lest she collapse.

"And this is the baby?" he asked, to get her attention.

"Yes," she said numbly.

John pulled back the edge of the blanket with a finger and peeped in. "Boy or girl?" he asked.

"It's a boy. John, I was the first to hold him," sobbed Alyn. "He looked straight at me. I must have him. He is mine. Judith would want it so."

"Yes, darling," agreed John, "We must have him."

SOMEHOW, eventually, she and John were out of the hospital and into the car. At long last the car was moving. It seemed years since the telephone had rung to waken them at one o'clock to take Judith to the hospital.

"John, it happened so suddenly. Coming up this very street not six hours ago, Judith said: 'I'm not afraid of anything that might happen . . . to me.' Do you remember, John?"

"Yes, I remember," said John gravely. "She must have had a premonition."

She was so gallant. O John! Never to have seen her precious baby. . . ."

"Don't let's think about it. I talked to the doctor about . . . about Judith. There was nothing that could have been foreseen, nothing that could have been helped. The doctor said it is best for the baby to stay in the hospital for a while, since it was early in coming. I asked him about adoption, and he says it isn't an easy matter. Left as the baby is, he becomes the property of the state. The best we can do is to place our application for him early at the child-placing agency that the court turns him over to. The doctor advised me to get our own attorney, and to get him soon."

"John," said Alyn in alarm, "we must have that baby!" A bond that was almost as strong as maternity had been formed between her and that infant by its first look. "Oh, I must have Judith's baby. I couldn't bear to think of it going to strangers, to anyone but us, John." John would be a wonderful father, she knew. John was a good man, a wise man.

"If there's any way under heaven," John said, "we shall have him."

(To be continued)

Theology and Testimony

Articles of Faith, By James E. Talmage

Lesson 6

Chapter 6, Baptism

Article 4—"We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: . . . third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; . . ."

(Tuesday, March 3, 1942)

I. *Lesson Aim*

To understand the nature and purpose of the sacred ordinance of baptism.

II. *Divisions of the Subject Matter*

A. The error of infant baptism. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 125-128, 483-484)

B. The nature and purpose of baptism. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 120-125, 482-483)

C. The place of baptism in the plan of salvation. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 128-134)

III. *Teaching Suggestions*

The subject matter of this lesson can be effectively presented if the lesson is conducted as though it were a street meeting, with those present being considered as the audience.

A. *Preparation*

The class leader should select three sisters to assist in the presentation of the subject matter. If three sisters who formerly served as missionaries can be found, they could probably add a realistic atmosphere to the class period. One of the topics listed under "Divisions of the Subject Matter" should be assigned to each of these sisters. The class leader should meet with them and impress upon them the following points:

1. That they are to thoroughly master the subject matter of the lesson through reading and rereading the text, the supplementary references and the scriptural references at the end of the chapter.
2. That they should remember the audience to whom they are to speak, and with this in mind make a choice of material that will hold the interest of the listeners because of its clarity, certainty, and reasonableness.
3. That they should organ-

ize their material for presentation in conversational style; that material is to be delivered, *not read.* At most, a brief outline may be used. The reading of these speeches will destroy the effectiveness of the meeting.

a. Each speech should be organized as follows:
   (1) An introduction of the subject matter.
   (2) The development of the theme and the presentation of the material.
   (3) The summary of the points developed during the speech.
   (4) The conclusion —a reiteration of the theme of the address.

4. That each speaker must confine her remarks to the topic assigned, in order to avoid a duplication of that which is to be presented by the other speakers.
5. That each speaker is to occupy *ten minutes* for the delivery of the message.

B. *Presentation*

To more clearly carry out the idea of a street meeting, the class leader, before the day of presentation of this lesson, might confer with the ward president and the ward chorister and suggest that the opening hymn be one which is frequently used in street meetings, such as, "Israel, Israel, God is Calling," "Redeemer of Israel," "O Say What is Truth," "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet." On the day of the meeting, the chairs should be so arranged that the class leader and the three sisters who are to speak can be seated in the front. When the time for the lesson arrives, the class leader should act as the presiding officer at a street meeting and present the purpose of the meeting and introduce the speakers, after which the speakers should present their talks in a conversational style. At the conclusion of the last speech, the teacher might allow time for questions or a discussion of items presented during the conversation. The meeting should be terminated with an expression of appreciation for the benefits that are derived from the ordinance of baptism and an invitation to the listeners to express their feelings toward this divine ordinance.

If this concluding summary is presented with feeling and sincerity, it should form an excellent background and set the theme for a stimulating testimony meeting.

References

Talmage, *Articles of Faith*, Chapter 6, pp. 120-136, 482-484.

Talmage, *Jesus the Christ*, pp. 769-771.

Smith, *Gospel Doctrine*, pp. 117-124, 265-267.

Smith and Sjodahl, *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, pp. 146, 152-153, 162.

Visiting Teachers' Messages To The Home

Lesson 6

Service as an Expression of Faith

(Tuesday, March 3, 1942)

True service grows out of love, and love is "the greatest thing in the world."

IN our Church there are many opportunities for service. In the ward, for example, the bishop and his counselors give much of their time and exert great effort in the interest of their people, particularly in the interest of their spiritual development. This is true also of those who devote themselves to the work of the auxiliary organizations. Stake workers, who are almost as numerous as the workers in the ward, also serve without earthly remuneration. All of these Church workers render service to others. The Church, therefore, furnishes openings for love and service on a large scale.

"He that believeth on me," said Jesus, "the works that I do shall he do also." (John 14:12) In part, at least, this "work" consists of service to others, for we are told that the Master "went about doing good." Jesus also said that his followers were the "salt of the earth" and the "light of the world." One may be the "salt of the earth" and the "light of the world" by being of service to others; by developing, through good works, a character that will be in accordance with the standards set by Christ.

The true spirit of service has been beautifully expressed by the Apostle Paul, in the famous thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians: "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." Paul includes in this charity, or love, such things as kindness, mercy, and long-suffering patience. "The gift without the giver is bare." In serving, one should give of himself. This has always been emphasized in our Church.

There is no end of opportunities for service to our communities. Service to the community consists of helping to get rid of evil and to preserve good.

Women who are good homemakers and good mothers, rearing their children to the best of their abilities, are rendering a service which is inestimable to the community and the world. Every woman will be a better wife and mother who gains inspiration and information through

endance at Church, and who, if sible, gives service in an auxiliary anization. The home is enriched l blessed if the mother is an exple of faith and service to her urch, and if she inspires devotion l faith in her family.

No one can be genuinely happy o does not render some service his fellow men.

Discussion

1. What did Jesus mean when He said, "He that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it"?

2. What are some of the services women may render in the home; in their neighborhood; in the Church?

3. Who did Jesus say are our neighbors?

Work-and-Business

Better Buymanship

Lesson 6

Hosiery

(Tuesday, March 10, 1942)

A LARGE portion of our clothing budget is used for the purchase hosiery. In the United States e total outlay for hose amounts one-half billion dollars each year about 100 million pairs. Of this t number, thirty-five percent are l-fashioned hose for women. It is imated that the average person ys at least one dozen pairs of siery a year.

Each woman should know how select hose that will give her the st possible wear. A knowledge of eir construction as well as how to st care for them will enable her obtain the greatest satisfaction m hose purchased; one should not y merely upon color and appearce in purchasing hose. What the nsumer should seek when buying siery is a combination of style and aring quality at a price commenrate with the length of service excted.

There is at the present time a lack of adequate standardization with regard to hosiery, and hosiery labels give little information. Since this is the case at the present time, we must depend on brand names, merchant's reliability, and price, to guide us in our selection. However, there are some points we can look for and some basic information we need to know.

First, there are two main types of hosiery: knit-tubular and full-fashioned. Tubular hosiery are cylindrical in shape. The shaping of the hose is done after the stocking is knit. Silk and rayon circular-knit stockings have a seam down the back which stops at the heel; they have mock fashioning marks to simulate the full-fashioned type.

Full-fashioned hosiery are knit flat. By decreasing the stitches, the fabric is narrowed to fit the ankles. Full-fashioned hose can be identified by the gap inside of the garter welt. A seam runs from the toe to

the heel and up the back with fashion marks on either side of the seam at the calf, just below the welt, at the base of the heel, and at the sole of the foot under the arch.

Full-fashioned hosiery are better fitting than circular-knit hose, and retain their shape better after laundering. For men and children, the circular-knit is generally used, since the retention of perfect shape during wear is not an important factor. Circular-knit hosiery are less expensive.

Hosiery may be made from cotton, wool, silk, rayon, or nylon, or from various combinations of these. Cotton hose give the greatest service for the money invested. They are less attractive, because cotton yarn is fuzzy and does not dye as well as other fibers, but they withstand severe laundry treatment with fair results. Wool hose are warmer, but require careful treatment to prevent excessive shrinkage. The wool fiber is often combined with either cotton, silk, or rayon to prevent shrinkage and irritation to the skin. Hose that are made from spun silk or rayon become fuzzy with wear.

Silk hosiery should be purchased to suit the needs of the wearer. The heavier the thread, the more service can be expected from hose. Very sheer hose cannot be expected to be very durable. Hosiery comes in the following weights: chiffon, 2-4 thread count; service chiffon, 5-thread count; semi-service, 6-7 thread count; medium service, 7-thread count; service, 7-10 thread count; and heavy service. Hose with a thread count of three are most popular.

In purchasing hose, consumers should know the correct size and leg length desirable for the individual who is to wear the hose; they should insist upon that size. The garter welt should be from 3 to 4 inches in width and should stretch from 11½ to 12 inches .In good hose the stretch from the tip of the heel to the top of the instep is from 7 to 7½ inches. For durability, choose the hose with the best reinforcements at the toe, heel, and sole. Cotton yarns used with silk in the reinforcements of the foot of the stocking add to the wearing quality.

The introduction of nylon as a fiber for hose has caused much trouble in the silk market, with the result that much is being done to increase the durability of silk hosiery. A new crepe de Chine silk hose and a lastex-finished hose, said to be snag resistant and as durable as nylon, have been reported. At present we find nylon very tough with a high tensile strength and a high resistance to abrasion; for this reason they seldom wear out in the feet. However, with the increased demand for nylon for other uses, it will be some time before there will be sufficient to meet the demands for it as a hosiery fiber.

Care of hosiery is probably more important than the care of any other article. Remove all rings and be sure fingernails and skin are smooth when putting stockings on or when laundering them. Put them on by rolling the stocking leg down to the toe. Slip the foot in and pull the stocking up over the leg. In laundering, use mild soaps dissolved to form a suds. Squeeze the hose, but do not rub. Rinse at least twice and hang up carefully to dry on a smooth surface not close to artificial heat. At all times be careful to prevent unnecessary snagging.

Too much care cannot be exer-

ed in the choice and care of siery.

Suggested Activities

1. Bring to meeting hosiery represent- circular-knit and full-fashioned types, se showing various thread count weights, and some representing different price levels. Compare.

2. Give a demonstration showing the correct method of laundering hosiery.

3. Bring hosiery which have not worn well and see if you can determine the cause and what could have been done about it.

Literature

Humor In Life And Literature

Lesson 6

Humor In Its Highest Form

(Tuesday, March 24, 1942)

Humor represents . . . an ascending series at the bottom of which are guffaws d malice and primitive simplicity, and at the top are smiles and tears and eternity.
—*Stephen Leacock*

esson Topics

Review of last lesson
Wit and humor
Humor and the incongruities of life
Humor at its height

eview of Last Lesson

The fifth lesson discussed humor hat grows out of opposing traits or ccentricities of character. It also resented humorous characters, half eal, half fictionized, such as Josh Billings and Mr. Dooley. The econd part of the lesson was de- oted to great humorous characters n world literature, including Fal- taff, Mrs. Malaprop, Mr. Pickwick, Huckleberry Finn, and others, with liscussions of their characteristics nd excerpts to illustrate the nature f their humor.

Wit and Humor

Much has been written and said bout the distinctions between humor and wit. Most of those who have discussed this subject, however, have discovered that it is difficult to draw a hard and fast line between the two. One observation is that "humor today is rarely used in a caustic or biting sense—that is reserved for wit."

William Hazlitt discussed the subject at great length, and, among other statements, he says:

> Humor is the describing of the ludicrous as it is in itself; wit is the exposing it or contrasting it with something else. Humor is, as it were, the growth of nature and accident; wit is the product of art and fancy. Humor, as it is shown in books, is an imitation of the natural or acquired absurdities of mankind, or of the ludicrous in accident, situations, and character; wit is the illustrating and heightening of the sense of that absurdity by some sudden unexpected likeness or opposition of one thing to another, which sets off the equality we laugh at. . . . Wit . . . is the imagination or fancy inverted and so applied to given objects as to make the less look little and the mean more light and worthless; . . . wit hovers around the borders of the

light and trifling, whether in matters of pleasure or pain. Such is wit, designed to make us laugh. But there is also a wit of sense observation which consists in the acute illustration of good sense and practical wisdom by means of some . . . quaint imagery—the matter of sense, but the form of wit.

Pope is a master of this type of wit in such couplets as:

'Tis with our judgments as
with our watches,
None go just alike, yet each
believes his own.

A little learning is a dangerous thing.
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian
spring.

Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods
teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.

To err is human, to forgive divine.

Other distinctions, briefer than those made by Hazlitt, have been made between wit and humor: "Wit is rapid; humor is slow. Wit is sharp; humor is gentle."

Carolyn Wells thinks that the chief difference between wit and humor is that "wit is subjective, and humor objective. Wit is the invention of the mind of its creator; humor lies in the object that he observes. Wit originates in one's self; humor originates outside one's self. Wit is art; humor is nature."

Professor Freud in his *Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious* discusses two kinds of wit. The first he calls "harmless wit"—that which is enjoyed for its own sake, which manipulates words and thoughts for the mere pleasure of the manipulation, and serves no purpose beyond itself. An ambitious poet once sent Eugene Field a poem to read, entitled, "Why Do I Live?" Field immediately sent a letter back to him, saying, "Because you sent your poem by mail." Another example of the same type of wit is found in Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' reply to a friend who asked what one might do to insure long life. "Get an incurable disease," the doctor, known for his wit, replied, explaining later that people with incurable diseases take excellent care of themselves and so live a long time. The second, or "tendency wit," according to Freud, uses the same technique and produces similar pleasure, but it is hostile in purpose and is aimed at some person or persons. Some of the satires previously mentioned, particularly those of Pope and Swift, would be classed as "tendency wit," not humor.

In the "Dunciad," Pope writes scathingly of people who pretend to be his friends, but who are friendly only for the advantages they themselves may gain from the friendship. He says:

There are those who to my person pay
their court:
I cough like Horace, and though lean am
short;
Ammon's great son one should had too
high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir! you have an
eye . . . "
Go on, obliging creatures! Make me see
All, that disgraced, my betters met in me.
Say for my comfort languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head."
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years
ago.

(Horace and Ovid, referred to in this verse, are great Roman poets; Ammon's son is Alexander the Great; Maro is Virgil, the great Roman poet and author of the "Aeneid.") People who knew Pope

as writing the "Dunciad" dreaded s publication and tried to stop it. Ie wrote:

es, I am proud; I must be proud to see len, not afraid of God, afraid of me.

After all, just where the distinc- ve line between types of literature es is relatively unimportant. The nportant points are that we have ne literature to enjoy and that we njoy it.

Lengthy and scholarly discussions ave been held upon theories of aughter and the relation of laugh- er to humor. But such discussions re beside the purpose of these les- ons. The purpose of these lessons s to help us to become acquainted vith that part of literature which muses us, and to give us a sense of he value of humorous writings and f the laughter they produce in our veryday lives.

Humor and the Incongruities f Life

Previous lessons have pointed out he relationship between incongrui- ies—the incongruities in words, in acts and ideas, in situations and in haracter—and humor.

Will Rogers, who generously ontributed in his own unique man- ner to the laughter of the world, nderstood what is meant by humor vhich rests upon life in its broadest limensions. In a radio talk in cele- ration of the Silver Jubilee of the King and Queen of England, but a ew months prior to the tragic death f the humorist, which came as a hock to "the millions to whom his name seemed that of a merry com- panion," Will Rogers said:

We (Americans and Englishmen) both have manners and customs that drive each other pretty near crazy: an American with a mouthful of chewing gum can get on your (Englishmen's) nerves almost as much as an Englishman with only one eye full of a monocle can get on ours. But after all, neither commodity has contributed to the success the nations have made.

We will never have trouble with each other, England, you or us. We both have humor. If we started to fight, we would have to stop in the middle and start laughing at each other. I don't know . . . you are naturally funny to us, and we are like a Mickey Mouse cartoon to you!

The natural "funniness" to which Will Rogers refers is the incongruous in humanity at large which excites both humor and pathos in the minds and the hearts of the artists with vision broad and keen and sympathetic enough to see and feel it. They discover what the contrasts are between what we are and what we might be, and just as the humor aroused by a swollen nose or a crushed hat lies in the comparison of the swollen nose with the nose when it was normal and the crushed hat with the hat before it was mutilated, so there is a humorous response to the discrepancy between man undeveloped, imperfect, and man the ideal. If mothers could fully appreciate this phase of humor, they might often see humor instead of tragedy in shortcomings of their children, and laugh instead of weep over things which really do not matter in the run of things, but which seem so terribly important at the moment.

Stephen Leacock says the incongruity of life lies in the comparison between "the petty cares of today and the nothingness into which they fade tomorrow—the fever and fret of life and the final calm of death." In this light, he says that "humor in its highest reach touches the sublime; humor in its highest reach min-

gles with pathos: it voices sorrow for our human lot and the reconciliation with it." He calls this the humor of sublimity. To illustrate it, he recalls a cartoon in an old American paper. It is a picture of two ragged little boys in a garret, "thin little boys, so thin the pencil outline will scarcely draw them. To the one lying in the makeshift bed the other is reading a newspaper account of the luxury-dogs of the New York dog show just happening. He reads: 'Fido, after he has his evening lamb chop, is always wrapped in a warm ermine coat with a blue and silver belt around it.' 'Some dogs,' says the other little boy, 'is luckier than others.' "

Leacock comments: "No diatribe against poverty; just the little sickly faces, and the changed end of the child's sentence as he instinctively uttered it." There is certainly more of tears than laughter in the illustration, but Leacock goes on to point out that such is the broad and beautiful humor in life recorded in such books as *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* and *Mrs. Miniver*, and in the stories of Dickens, Twain, and O. Henry.

He calls the artistic power to produce such humor "divine retrospect." Dickens shows it when he presents frauds and swindlers and almost makes them lovable, and when he presents villains, such as Squeers, and extracts humor from them.

O. Henry exhibited this type of humor in such stories as "The Pendulum"—the story of a young couple who live a drab life in a little apartment. Every evening at 8:15, John reaches for his hat, and his wife asks questioningly, "Now, where are you going, I'd like to know, John Perkins?" To which John invariably replies, "I thought I'd drop up to McCloskey's and play a game of pool with the fellows."

But one night Katy is not there. She has left his supper ready and a note explaining that she has been called to her sick mother. Suddenly John is stricken with contrition. Never before in their married life has she been away. He is overwhelmed with loneliness, and wonders how he could have left her alone each night. He resolves to make amends when she returns; his great effort will be to make her happy.

At that moment, Katy, who has been called away on a false alarm, returns. John looks at the clock. It is 8:15. He reaches for his hat and walks to the door, as she, in her customary querulous voice, begins, "Now, where are you going, I'd like to know, John Perkins?" And he, giving the old answer, leaves the room.

"The Gift of the Magi" is another of O. Henry's stories of this type.

Mark Twain reaches this highest type of humor, as has already been mentioned, in *Huckleberry Finn*. Nigger Jim, who "embodies the docility and the forgiveness of the negro race, and little Huck are wonderful characters, and this book is a searching indictment of our civilization. But it is robbed of anger." It is the humor of mingled tears and laughter; it is humor and sublimity.

Thackeray says: "The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness, your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture, your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy."

Problems and Projects

1. Bring short excerpts from literature illustrate the difference between wit and mor.
2. Describe the difference between a itty person" and a "humorous person." hich is best loved by friends and com-nions? Why?
3. Comment on *Goodbye Mr. Chips* Hilton, stressing the points which re-l its humor to be that of the highest e, discussed in this lesson.
4. Relate incidents, experienced or ob-ved, which embody "humor and sublim-ity" (pioneer experiences give a rich source).
5. Discuss how this lesson should help to broaden our views of life and deepen our human sympathies.

Supplementary Reading List

The Caliph of Bagdad (Biography of O. Henry).
Stories of O. Henry
Masson, *Our American Humorists.*
Masson, *Humorous Masterpieces.*
Hilton, *Goodbye Mr. Chips.*
Opie Read, *Mark Twain and I.*

Social Science

Foundations Of Successful Marriage

Lesson 5

Rights Versus Responsibilities In The Home

(Tuesday, March 31, 1942)

Lesson Aim: To develop the thought that with every right goes a responsibility, d that it is only through the acceptance of responsibilities in the home that marriage made successful and eternal progression is made possible.

UCCESSFUL marriage is not on-ly an art, but it is a job as well. hose who would find supreme and sting happiness in their marital re-tionships must not only prepare ll before marriage, plan for and perience a good beginning, and arn the art of mutual enrichment, t they must also work—daily, and the spirit of fair play. Marriage, e any other great enterprise, re-nires the sincere and responsible fort of those who would make it ccessful. Happiness is the reward achievement, and achievement mes only through struggle.

o Rights Without Responsibilities

All that has been said in previous scussions about the importance of a proper attitude toward marriage applies to this lesson as well, for unless the married feel an attitude of individual responsibility in the adventure before them, they will exert little or no effort to make it successful, and the whole thing will likely collapse.

There are too many people who enter marriage unprepared for the adjustments, sacrifices, and genuine work that it involves. There are many married people who act emotionally as children or adolescents, and who fail to assume the adult responsibilities demanded of them. They look at marriage in terms of rights rather than responsibilities, and therein lies the secret of their failure. Being emotionally imma-

ture, they are quick to blame and to complain, but slow to cooperate or admit faults within themselves; they expect the other person to go three-fourths or all of the way. There are too many of these selfish individuals who are more willing to receive than to give.

Emotional immaturity has reference to a type of childishness frequently manifest in adult behavior. Sometimes it is referred to as "infantilism," for it makes people act much like babies. Chronological and biological maturity do not necessarily result in emotional maturity; sometimes people grow up physically without growing up psychologically; sometimes people have a lot of birthdays without ever learning to act like adults. Emotional immaturity shows itself in patterns of selfishness, jealousy, et cetera. Crying is often used as a weapon with which to injure the other person or to get one's own way. Sulking, pretending to be hurt, doing and saying little things to hurt the other person, are ways of showing oneself to be emotionally immature. They are also ways of destroying love and breaking up a happy home.

Marriage, like life, is a game of cooperation, a process of give and take. He who tries to do all of the taking and none of the giving may get by for a while, but sooner or later he will find his marriage a failure. The love that is kindled in courtship may be either smothered in marriage or fanned into something that is eternal and glorious.

Exploitation in courtship often carries over into marriage. The boy who will use and abuse his sweetheart for personal thrills will, as a husband, usually do the same thing, with little regard for the rights and personality needs of his wife; and the girl who is a thoughtless "gold digger" before marriage will usually be an expensive and irresponsible wife after the ceremony. But whether the pattern of exploitation showed itself in the period of courtship or not, its existence in marriage is a sign of marital decay.

Students of the family recognize this problem when they speak of the "parasitic wife," whom they describe as a selfish and pampered woman who applies the "gold digging" philosophy to marriage, and who seeks all of the advantages without making any real or worth-while contribution to it.[1] She is called a parasite because she is selfish and fails to carry her share of the responsibility. Sometimes this selfishness shows itself in an unwillingness to have children, sometimes in excessive demands upon the husband's pocketbook, and sometimes in other ways; but always a wife of this kind is a parasite. And there are parasitic husbands as well. Whenever any person is unwilling to play the game or to do his part in life, he is a social parasite. How can persons such as these hope to make a success of marriage?

If people could only be made to realize that there are no rights without responsibilities; if husbands and wives could be more willing to shoulder their full share of the responsibility, and if children were trained in this atmosphere; if love were based more on work and sacrifice and less on sex demands and

[1]Mabel A. Elliott and Frances E. Merrill, *Social Disorganization*, Harpers, New York, 1941 (rev. ed.), page 624.

ıtuation; if people would look at rriage more as a challenging job l less as a selfish right—if all se things could be, the chances successful marriage would be in- ased one thousand fold. And they be done. The solution lies in attitude and the courage of ents.

egrity and the Happy Home

But the whole thing boils down the fundamental qualities of ıracter. The happy home is the me in which each member can be sted and respected by each other mber. The responsible person is e person who is true to the core, o will play the game fairly, who l not lie, nor cheat, nor run away. ıe responsible person is the per- n who has integrity. Good old- hioned honesty is at the very heart successful marriage. Too often ople try to patch up marital dif- ulties through lies and compro- ses rather than getting at the roots at lie deep in the patterns of char- ter. If persons in trouble are sin- re in their desire to get out of ouble, they should be willing to dulge in a little self-analysis and f-criticism; they should be willing "face the music" rather than to to shift the blame; they should honest and courageous.

ıe Dignity of Work

Closely tied up with the idea that suming responsibility with cour- e and integrity is basic to success- l marriage, is the idea that work also essential. We have already ointed to this when we said that ccessful marriage is a job that eds to be tackled with earnestness. Ve need now to further emphasize the fact that assuming responsibility involves effort as well as attitude.

Too many men and women pray for easy lives; they not only pray, but they anxiously seek to avoid work and to escape all in life that is really challenging. There is too much "escapism" in the philosophy of the day; too much trying to get by with as little effort as possible. What is needed is a little more courage in facing the realities of life, a little more willingness to shoulder one's share, a little more perspiration in the labors of the day. The importance of this is clearly shown in the following quotation:

> The law of nature is, that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good of any kind whatever. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food you must toil for it; and if pleasure you must toil for it.
>
> —*Ruskin*

We might add to what Ruskin has said, that if you want the supreme joy that successful family life can bring, you must toil for it. Habits of either laziness or industry, whichever characterizes one's life in general, are sure to carry over into the relationships of family life.

Women should realize more fully that there is no job so important or so challenging as successful wifehood and motherhood. Without this job well done civilization could not survive, and women are the only ones who can do it. Homemaking is woman's greatest career. But let no one think that her job in the home is an easy one; here she is the producer, the buyer, and the teacher, all at the same time; here she is able to make men possible and to make men good; to create and to inspire. The challenge of good home man-

agement is great, and the dignity of successful homework is unexcelled.

There is a dignity to work which makes people grow. Home tasks are every bit as important as those on the outside, and he who would make his home a happy one must be willing to perform these tasks honorably.

Eternal Progression Through Successful Marriage

Latter-day Saints are well aware of fundamental relationships between successful marriage and eternal progression. They see man climbing step by step throughout eternity, and they see celestial marriage as one of these steps. But Latter-day Saints also realize that both successful marriage and eternal progression require more than the performance of a ceremony and the making of pledges, important as these are. They require work as well; they require the sincere and honest efforts of men and women. If successful marriage depends upon responsibility and integrity and effort, as we have tried to show above, eternal progression does also. Marriage is so much a part of life in general that it is impossible to separate one from the other. He who is willing to face squarely the responsibilities and the jobs of married life will not only make his marriage successful, but by so doing will be climbing the ladder of eternal progression.

Struggle makes men grow, and growth makes men happy. The law of eternal progression is the law of struggle and achievement. Man progresses through activity; he retrogresses through inactivity. Sometimes the struggles of life seem almost too much to bear, but the one who has the courage to face them with his head up is the one who is able to someday experience the real joy of achievement. The thrill of victory, the satisfaction that comes from accomplishment, the pleasure of seeing a job well done, the joy of achievement—these are the things that count in life. The deeper joys of man spring out of the struggles he has been able to endure and master in his upward progress.

We have been saying continually that successful marriage is happy marriage; and as we have moved through this series of lessons, we have attempted to make a number of suggestions for making happiness in marriage possible. Now we are saying that genuine happiness or joy comes through achievement or progression. The foundations for successful marriage laid during childhood, courtship, and early marriage are extremely important, but unless married mates are willing and able to "carry on" to the end, their union may still fail in spite of these earlier foundations. If married partners could live a little more honestly, responsibly, and industriously, they could live much more happily.

Problems and Projects

1. What does it mean to say that successful marriage is a job as well as an art? Give examples of exploitation in marriage. Show why selfish husbands and wives can rightly be called social parasites. Why should a responsibility go with every right?

2. How is integrity tied up with responsibility? Can a dishonest person be respected? Can he be loved? How does the spirit of self-criticism help to make marriage successful? Give illustrations.

3. Do you feel that people today are any less willing to accept difficult tasks than formerly? Why or why not? Do you agree that one job is as dignified as another as long as they are both honorable?

w does the tendency to escape from rk carry over into marriage and endanger chances for success? Illustrate if you can.
4. In what way or ways is successful arriage a part of eternal progression? hat parts do attitude and effort play in em both? Do you agree that the joy progression or achievement is the high- type of joy?

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Mission Lessons

Latter-day Saint Hymns

(For optional use of missions in lieu of Literature)

Lesson 6

SCHOOL THY FEELINGS, O MY BROTHER

(Tuesday, March 24, 1942)

School thy feelings, O my brother,
Train thy warm, impulsive soul;
Do not its emotions smother,
But let wisdom's voice control.

School thy feelings, there is power
In the cool, collected mind;
Passion shatters reason's tower,
Makes the clearest vision blind.

School thy feelings; condemnation
Never pass on friend or foe,
Though the tide of accusation
Like a flood of truth may flow.

Hear defense before deciding
And a ray of light may gleam,
Showing thee what filth is hiding
Underneath the shallow stream.

Should affliction's acrid vial
Burst o'er thy unsheltered head,
School thy feelings to the trial,
Half its bitterness hath fled.

Art thou falsely, basely slandered?
Does the world begin to frown?
Gauge thy wrath by wisdom's standard,
Keep thy rising anger down.

Rest thyself on this assurance:
Time's a friend of innocence.
And the patient, calm endurance
Wins respect and aids defense.

Noblest minds have finest feelings,
Quiv'ring strings a breath can move,
And the Gospel's sweet revealings,
Tune them with the key of love.

Hearts so sensitively moulded,
Strongly fortified should be,
Trained to firmness and enfolded
In a calm tranquility.

Wound not wilfully another;
Conquer haste with reason's might;
School thy feelings, sister, brother,
Train them in the path of right.

—*Charles W. Penrose.*

CHARLES W. PENROSE, the author of this poem, was born in London, England, February 4, 1832. He had little schooling, but his naturally alert mind and retentive memory enabled him to pick up a good education from reading and observation. Fond of the *Bible* from his earliest years, he was thus prepared to receive the Restored Gospel by the time he was eighteen. It appealed to him as scriptural, reasonable, and substantial. This was the way he expressed it in later years.

Almost as soon as he was baptized, he received the Priesthood and was sent on a mission. In Essex County he "raised up" several branches of the Church. His relatives and friends tried to persuade him not to have anything to do with the new Church, but he was guided by what he, not they, thought in the situation. He was the only one of his father's house to embrace Mormonism. When he left home to fulfill this mission, he did not have a penny in his pocket. In the year 1861, after more than ten years of gratuitous and successful missionary service, he was released from his labors and emigrated to America.

Meantime, he married. He wrote tracts and articles for the *Millennial Star*, as well as poems which were later set to music.

In Utah, he made his first home in Farmington and did physical work, for which he was unfitted both by inclination and experience. Here he acquired a small home, teaching school during the winter. In 1864 he moved to Cache Valley, where he engaged in business. The following year, however, he was called on a mission to Great Britain, crossing the plains with a mule team for the second time. On his return home from this mission, he lived in Logan, Utah, becoming secretary to the cooperative institution there.

t was not until 1870, when he was rty-eight years old, that he found proper vocation. In that year was asked to become editor of e *Junction*, in Ogden. For this was not only adapted, but experi- ced. He did not remain in this sition long, however, for President igham Young soon called him to e editorship of the *Deseret News*, Salt Lake City. As editor of this ily newspaper, he became widely own for his defense of his people. eantime he served in various ca- cities in the Church and the Ter- ory—his name was on the mis- nary list; he served in the High uncil, and in the legislature.

In July, 1904, at the age of seven- two, Charles W. Penrose was call- to the apostleship. Seven years ter, when he was in his eightieth ar, he became second counselor to esident Joseph F. Smith in the rst Presidency of the Church. In arch, 1921, he was advanced to st counselor.

WHILE President Penrose is best remembered for his Church tivities—writing in defense of his ople and preaching vigorously—he ill perhaps be remembered longest r his songs. For he was the author t only of the song we are now con- dering, but also of, "O Ye Moun- ins High," "Up, Awake, Ye De- nders of Zion," and six other se- ctions included in our present ymn book.

Strictly speaking, "School Thy eelings" is not a hymn, but a poem t to music. President Penrose says imself: "This hymn was not in- nded for singing; it was written for yself, about 1860, when I was in Birmingham, England, before I emigrated.

"I had been insidiously accused, not openly, but certain things had been said about me and my presidency of the Birmingham conference, and particularly in relation to my family affairs and possessions. . . . Weltering under these feelings, I sat down and wrote that little poem right from my soul, and intended it for myself.

"After I had got it written, my folks thought it ought to appear in the *Millennial Star*. So I sent it up to the *Star*, and it was published. It was not set to any tune; I did not think about it being sung; in fact, I did not intend it for anybody but myself. However, I found it was quite applicable to others who had passed through similar experiences, and I thought it would be comforting to them. I was very pleased to know that it was a great comfort to President Brigham Young when he was under arrest. He later told me that he had it read to him several times when he had a deputy marshal guarding him in his house."

Was Charles W. Penrose, when he composed this poem, actuated by that passage in a revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith, given under somewhat similar circumstances of slander and persecution? Joseph was in prison, in Liberty, Missouri, whither he had been taken by his persecutors, and there the Lord said to him: "If thou art called to pass through tribulation; if thou art in perils among false brethren; if thou art accused with all manner of false accusations; if thine enemies fall upon thee; . . . if thou shouldst be cast into the pit, or into the hands of murderers, and the sentence of death

passed upon thee; . . . if the heavens gather blackness, and all the elements combine to hedge up the way; and above all, if the very jaws of hell gape open the mouth wide after thee—know thou, my son, that all these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good." (*Doctrine and Covenants*, Section 122, verses 5 to 9)

The poem, "School Thy Feelings, O My Brother," aims to teach the idea of personal control. It is human nature to resent slander. But is that the best way out of the situation? President Penrose thought not. The best answer to the ill words of others is self-control — "school thy feelings."

The progress of the theme of the poem is logical and natural. First, there is the simple admonition to exercise wisdom when a surge of feelings arise in such a situation as that experienced by the poet. Second, we are shown that "there is power in the cool, collected mind," power that "shatters" passion. "Never pass condemnation" on another, for one may not understand, and, anyway, it does no good. That is what the third stanza says. The fourth stanza says: "Hear defense before deciding." Few persons take the time to consider that there are always two sides to every question —their side and the other person's side. If time be taken, says the fifth stanza, the temper will cool down, and only half the bitterness will be felt. "Time heals all wounds," says an old adage, and this applies to situations that arouse wrath. The sixth stanza is a virtual repetition of the first. But the repetition is needed, though it is expressed in different words: "Keep thy rising anger down." In the seventh stanza we get a new aspect. There is assurance in the fact that "patient, calm endurance" in one who is slandered "wins respect and aids defense"—if defense be needed at all. This is very true, as many can testify. Who are those who are best able to control their emotions? Strangely enough, as the eighth stanza virtually states, it is those who have the most sensitive feelings, but who are "noblest." Those who are "sensitively moulded," however, must be "strongly fortified" and "trained to firmness." That is the substance of stanza nine. In the tenth stanza the thought is carried on into another phase—possible slander of others by him who is trying to control his feelings under pressure: "Wound not wilfully another." To keep from doing this is as difficult as to control one's feelings when "wounded" by someone else. The poem ends where it begins—"school thy feelings."

Questions

1. What were the circumstances under which this poem was written? Have you ever had anything like that happen to you? What did you do about it? Was that the best thing to do in the situation as you look back upon it?

2. In your life now, whatever it may be, are there any situations in which you should exercise self-control, such as is suggested in the poem? Do you have difficulty in controlling your feelings, or is it an easy matter with you?

3. Who was Charles W. Penrose? State the various things that he did and the positions which he held. What one thing could he do best? For what will he most likely be remembered by most members of our Church?

4. Which one of the stanzas of, "School Thy Feelings, O My Brother," do you like best? Suppose you memorize it, with such others as may appeal to you.

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